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THE CHANCELLOR'S CRUCIAL CHOICE

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS has called on Britain's productive workers to march on iron rations towards a horizon beyond whose rim lies not a vision of Socialist victory but a dubious glimpse of hoped-for equilibrium in this country's balance of foreign payments. The objective is uninspiring but, from a strictly short-term standpoint, indispensable as a starting point. On the Chancellor of the Exchequer falls the responsibility of determining whether the army, on whose exertions and patience Sir Stafford relies, is to march in good heart or with its ranks disrupted by disillusionment and mutiny. For Mr. Dalton next week's Budget will be a momentous occasion. The crucial choice which he must make is between a reactionary fiscal policy which will destroy both the solidarity of the Labour Movement and (incidentally) all chances of success for the Cripps Plan, and a Socialist Budget. Only such a Budget can convey to Britain's organised workers the sense that, whatever immediate steps must be taken to cope with adverse factors in the world situation, sight is not being lost of the principles on which the electorate in 1945 gave the Government a mandate to act.

Few Chancellors have framed a Budget amid so much insistent advice from their enemies. From every quarter of the anti-Socialist camp comes the argument that "mis-employment"—that is, diversion of labour and material to wasteful purposes incompatible with the achievement of the Cripps Plan—is being brought about through the enjoyment by the working class of purchasing power surplus to what is required to pay for the essentials of life; and that this monetary pressure must be relieved by a deflationary Budget which would curtail the volume of money available (allegedly) for expenditure on luxuries, and would complete the process by increasing the cost of necessities. If he were to listen to these counsellors, Mr. Dalton would clap a stiff additional duty on tobacco; he would steepen the incidence of purchase taxes and extend their range, including the consumer of gas and electricity within their scope; he would deny the public further supplies of price-controlled, subsidised utility clothing and furniture; and he would reduce the subsidies now provided by the Treasury to stabilise the cost of essential food stuffs, or would at any rate so revise food policy as to ensure that all current and future increases in food prices are passed on to the consumer. The aim, in short, would be deliberately to bring about a rise of 10-15 per cent in the cost of living, and simultaneously to persuade the trade unions patriotically to agree that wages should be frozen.

We look with confidence to Mr. Dalton to reject the advice of these self-appointed counsellors. If he is not to betray the loyal faith of those who gave the Cabinet power, his answer must be that he refuses to be stampeded away from Socialism by the bogy of inflation, and that he declines to sponsor a fiscal policy which would make smoking the prerogative of the wealthy and would slash at the workers' standard of life while leaving the rich undiminished licence to burn electricity and to dine off pheasants at 60s. a brace. Since the stoppage of imports threatens a shortage of tobacco, stocks must doubtless be conserved; but there is no convincing reason why consumption should not be regulated by points rationing. Expenditure on real luxuries (furs and jewellery, not utility clothing or house furnishings) could indeed be restricted by a selectively imposed purchase tax of, say, 1,000 per cent. If he saw any case for raiding the pockets of wage and salary earners, a Socialist Chancellor might perhaps consider raising the standard rate of income tax with proportionately increased allowances for families: single persons in most of the income brackets may be in enjoyment of "loose" money which could with advantage be "mopped up," so as not to compete with concentration on the export drive. But, in so far as excess purchasing power is in fact chasing after scarce goods and distorting the use of man-power, the pressure arises from expendable capital swollen by war and post-war enhancement of values. As a corrective to this pressure, the proper fiscal instrument is a capital levy, whose enforcement, with reasonable exemption of small savings, would go far to obviate the need for such drastic cuts as the Cripps Plan involves in "works" not dependent on imports.

If Mr. Dalton has so far failed to persuade his Cabinet colleagues to reduce the largest single item in Britain's inflationary expenditure—the £900 millions which the Treasury has to find for the maintenance of the Armed Forces—he can at least set his face firmly against a Budget whose effect would be to place the burden of the economic crisis on the shoulders of the working class. A deflationary Budget on the lines for which the City and the Tory press are calling would not merely complete the disillusionment of the Labour Movement in their leadership and beget, beyond doubt, an electoral catastrophe in 1950; it would tend to worsen, rather than solve the economic crisis with which the country is faced. In full employment and stable prices for essential food stuffs the mass of the people of Britain have seen Socialist principles at work, much more clearly than they have discerned them in the nationalisation of mines and railways. Already they have been told, in effect, by Sir Stafford Cripps that some unemployment may be needed in order to correct our balance of foreign payments. They are mystified. If they are now told that stable prices—already undermined by soaring costs of unrationed foods—must go by the board in favour of "rationing by the purse," mystification will turn into anger. To suppose that the trade unions would agree to have wages frozen in spite of a 15 per cent increase in the cost of living is a pure delusion. A reactionary Budget such as the Tories demand would wreck the Cripps Plan irretrievably in a chaos of wage demands and industrial disputes. And, worst of all, in adopting such a Budget, the Labour Government would have been guilty of creating in this country conditions almost as indefensible morally as the cut-throat competition for which Mr. Churchill in his more medieval moments sighs: it would be legalising the existence of "two nations" and conferring State-sanctioned privilege on wealth.

The President Proposes

The special session of Congress which meets in ten days' time in Washington will deal with the twin problems of inflation at home and relief abroad. The President's Council of Economic Advisers (the Nourse Committee) reported this week that American exports are not primarily responsible for her high prices; but unless prices cease to rise at their present rate (food has gone up 40 per cent. in a year) no method can be found of giving relief abroad. The Nourse Committee has reported, as the King Committee did, that American aid to Europe will not necessarily upset the U.S. economy. But this report goes further and says that, without regard to exports, the American economy is already on the point of upset, and, unless some wartime controls are introduced, America will not be able to help herself—let alone anyone else. Along with Mr. Truman's highly controversial plans for stabilising prices—which will probably be the main issue of the 1948 campaign—will go the relatively non-controversial issue of stop-gap aid to France and Italy. At the same time the main outlines of long-term aid—the so-called Marshall Plan—will be placed before the appropriate Congress committees for consideration. The Paris report of the 16 nations, which must be exhibit "A" in the Administration's attempts to sell a long-range plan to Congress, has stood up to critical examination far better than was expected at first, and its statistics will be the basis for the American aid. The problem which faces President Truman in administering the aid to Europe is to find a plan which will give America the amount of control Congress is bound to demand without giving too much substance to the Russian charges of interfering with sovereignty. It now seems certain that the aid will be controlled by an American corporation which will be voted funds by Congress. The funds will be voted year by year, and allocated in general by bi-lateral treaties between the U.S. and recipient countries. Whatever "strings" are attached to aid will be contained in these treaties; it is likely that meeting at least the production goals outlined at Paris will be one condition of aid, and that some methods of repayment by local currency or raw materials will be included. It remains to be seen whether a compromise can be found so that terms which satisfy Congress will not preclude European recovery.

Congress Disposes

Because the present Congress is in the hands of his political opponents President Truman has almost no control over what measures will be discussed in the special session. The immediate reaction, for instance, of Representative Knutson, chairman of the House Finance Committee, to the Nourse Committee's recommendation that taxes should be kept high was to propose that the first business of Congress should be to reduce taxes by $3 billion. Similarly all suggestions for controls on the American economy have been met by a roar of disapproval from the Republican Party, which managed to abolish controls in June, 1946. The ideal of a completely "free" and untrammelled economy has now become part of the American way of life, and it is very dubious whether the present administration can reintroduce any of those controls which President Truman has already, with supreme ineptitude, condemned as "police-state methods." Similarly, in the field of foreign relief, there is a strong possibility that Congress will produce plans of its own, quite opposed to those of the Administration. Congressional thinking is at the Truman Doctrine stage of judging all foreign aid by its effect in stopping Russia. It is likely, therefore, to pass stop-gap aid easily, but jib at long-term plans. Mr. Stassen has already gained very considerable support for his claim to insist that no aid be given to countries pursuing Socialist plans. There is also much talk in Congress of forbidding the re-export of any goods shipped from the U.S. Such limitations, which completely defeat the idea of helping European trade recovery, and many others designed to show that America doesn't necessarily approve of the countries she helps, will certainly be put forward. The question is how far the Administration can succeed in persuading Congressmen of the urgency of the real issues in the course of giving evidence to the Committees.

Palestine at Lake Success

Despite a flood of inspired and highly misleading comment in the London press, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. are now not very far from agreement on the methods of implementing the Majority Report on Palestine. Both have acceded to the British demand that our troops should get out; the Russians propose the end of May, the Americans prefer the end of July. Russia further proposes that, after the British withdrawal and the partition of the country, the Security Council should be responsible for law and order for an interim period of twelve months. This suggestion is not popular with the Americans, who may well favour the Guatemalan suggestion that the British troops should be replaced by contingents from the smaller nations. The partition plan has now won the approval of all the Dominions with the exception of Australia, which remains neutral in view of Dr. Evatt's position as chairman of the Special Committee. But it is being fiercely fought by Mr. Bevin, who seems determined to prevent a Uno solution and so to ensure that the British evacuation takes place with the maximum confusion and bloodshed. The British delegation has not made a single positive proposal of its own at Lake Success. It has merely intrigued in every possible way against the Majority Report and repeated that Britain will not assist in imposing any solution. Since Mr. Bevin has been imposing—or failing to impose—a solution for two and a half years, this argument is hardly convincing. Palestine is the one issue on which Uno could achieve this year positive action through Great Power agreement. It will be a tragedy is this is prevented by the passions of one Englishman.

The Kashmir Danger Zone

All reports from Kashmir indicate that the situation is getting steadily worse. As fast as the raiders get reinforcements of arms and personnel from Pakistan, with or without the connivance of the Government, the Indian Government puts more and more regular troops in the field. By now there is a minor war raging and the danger grows that it will become a war in which both Dominions are formally implicated and ranged against each other with their armies. Unfortunately, there is too much right and wrong on both sides to make a solution easy. It is clear, for instance, that popular support in the villages so far overrun by the raiders is on the side of the raiders. Pandit Nehru seems to be wrong in describing the presence of Indian troops as a protection for the people. Rather more it is a protection of the Maharajah against the people, who would prefer to accede to Pakistan than to be ruled by him in association with the powers at Delhi. On the other hand, the Pakistan Government is obviously wrong to allow the continuation of the support openly given to the raiders from the Pakistan side of the border. The Indian proposition that order should be restored and a plebiscite then held is a perfectly reasonable one. But order cannot be restored so long as Pakistan permits the present wide-scale interference. The difficulty about a plebiscite is that, as accession to the Indian Union has been accepted by the Indian Government, the plebiscite would be held under Indian auspices. So great is the prevailing distrust that Pakistan could not be persuaded that a plebiscite so held would be conducted fairly. Consequently, Mr. Jinnah has suggested that the plebiscite should be supervised by the British—a suggestion which does not find favour in Indian eyes, mainly for prestige reasons. A possible compromise might be that the plebiscite should be organised and controlled by an equal number of Indian and Pakistan Army units under British officers. In the meanwhile, Sir Claude Auchinleck has rightly insisted that no British officers can be allowed to take part in the Kashmir fighting. A situation in which British officers found themselves fighting each other on behalf of two Dominions would be patently improper. This decision may also have a sobering effect on any hotheads on either side who are contemplating a formal war in Kashmir. The absence of key British officers would cause sufficient dislocation to prevent the effective and immediate use of large forces from either army. It is likely that this factor, together with an increasing realisation of the seriousness of the position, may be enough to steer the two Governments clear of any acts of overt hostility to each other, so allowing more moderate counsels to prevail and a satisfactory compromise to be reached on the question of the plebiscite.

To Fit the Crime

The Criminal Justice Bill seeks to make punishment fit the criminal. Its proposals fall into two main classes—recognition that present practice sometimes fails to conform with obsolete regulations, as with the sentences of "penal servitude" and "hard labour," and innovation for future policy—with a welcome emphasis on youth, mental responsibility, and rehabilitation. Anomalies are redressed: a "binding over" by magistrates will now be a "conviction," with all the logical consequences of conviction except the disqualifications that now attach to it; men of 23 will no longer be eligible for Borstal (where, since the age was raised from 21, to which it is now restored, you could find fathers of young families); magistrates who have often felt obliged to refuse bail because a prisoner has declined to have his finger prints taken will now be able to authorise the police to take them before his release; and the right of peremptory challenge of jurors is abolished. A most valuable provision is that magistrates can remand an accused person on bail on the understanding that he submits himself to medical examination. Appeals to quarter sessions will be much facilitated (the present Appeals Act has never worked well), and judges will be empowered to impose fines instead of imprisonment for felony. No court will be able to sentence an offender to a flogging for any offence, though for grave breaches of prison discipline a man can be given up to 18 strokes of the cat or birch. There does not seem to be much indication of a general change of feeling, in a world so inured to violence, about the flogging question; and the debates on this clause will no doubt be as heated as they were when Lord Templewood's Bill proposed abolition in 1938. That Bill would almost certainly have passed before the war overtook it but for the prolonged battle in committee stage between floggers and anti-floggers. The first rumblings of the inevitable controversy about capital punishment are already to be heard, and the Government are perhaps wise to have left this thorny question to the machinery of amendment and a free vote.

PARLIAMENT : Privilege and Procedure

Wednesday

At 10.15 last Wednesday night 348 Members voted for the Government against Mr. Churchill's censure amendment. Just over two hours later only 187 supported the Government on basic petrol. A few Labour Members ostentatiously abstained, some left the House unaware that the prayer was on the Order Paper, but most of them simply had no heart in the matter. The vote on the Control of Engagement Order took place at half-past nine on Monday evening, early enough for anyone. This time the score for the Government was 252. The short fall in the votes for the Government reflects a temporary feeling of individual helplessness in the face of the mounting crisis. It means not that Labour M.P.s have lost confidence in the Government, but that many have, for the moment, lost the necessary inspiration to back it on unpopular issues. The reconstruction of the

Government had inspired little enthusiasm. The attitude of the rank and file in the House can be likened to that of Labour supporters during the Municipal Elections. They are behind the Government, but many of them are not sufficiently stirred up about it to go and vote. Doubtless it is a passing mood, but while it lasts it is a disturbing one.

Of the three figures implicated in the Privilege debate, the one who came off best was Mr. Heighway, the Editor of the *World's Press News*. His speech of explanation, reported in Hansard as though he were a Member, was delivered under the worst possible conditions for a maiden speaker, and yet was dignified and convincing. He won marks particularly for his attempt to take some of the responsibility for the offending article off Allighan's shoulders and accept it on his own. The rest of the debate was remarkable for the high level it maintained. Herbert Morrison won support for his view that the Committee of Privileges was wrong in seeking to establish that Party meetings were covered by privilege. Nevertheless, he felt that the House was fully entitled to punish a Member for dishonourable conduct of the type indulged in by Mr. Allighan. Mr. Reid from the Opposition benches disagreed. How could the House proceed against a man for something which was neither a crime at law nor a breach of Privilege? It was a dangerous precedent. Not so, retorted Hogg from just behind him. There were sufficient precedents from the past to support the contention that the House had disciplinary control over its Members irrespective of the criminal law or of Privilege. Doctors and barristers take action against their colleagues for dishonourable conduct, and so must the House. From then on it became a conflict between Hogg and Reid. In the end, Hogg won although Mr. Churchill went into the lobby against him.

Then came the problem of punishment. Mr. Churchill had no doubt on the matter. A man who had been solemnly voted dishonourable, even though one might disagree with the verdict, could never be described again as "the honourable Member." He must be expelled. The Government recommended suspension. But the feeling of the House was too strong, notably among Labour Members. Vainly W. J. Brown pleaded for mercy. "Is your conclusion that Gravesend must be represented by a political corpse?" a Member asked him. "There are many other constituencies in Great Britain that are so represented," replied Brown. But the gibe failed to change the decision.

Monday's debate on the Control of Engagement Order was a fizzle. Rhys-Davies excelled his speech against conscription in a plea that no one should be constrained to do anything, which represented the extreme of Non-Conformist anarchism. Jay, perhaps regretting the new edition of "The Socialist Case," balanced delicately on the tight rope of personal liberty and finally fell off on the side of the Order. The Tories, led by Boyd Carpenter, noisily denounced direction and seemed completely unaware that this Order did not deal with it. Blackburn made up for his failure to catch the Speaker's eye by a number of interruptions which evoked the usual Tory approval for his lone battle on behalf of Churchillian liberty. Finally, Ness Edwards wound up by disposing neatly of the Tory irrelevancies and assuring the House that an Order for direction of spivs would soon be tabled.

Tuesday's all-night sitting was ironically enough devoted to Government proposals for saving parliamentary time. The debates were inevitably boring, enlivened only by the sight of the impeccable Glenvil Hall being rebuked for the use of unparliamentary language and an adjournment scene in which Raymond Blackburn decided to take the place of Christopher Mayhew in answering Zilliacus, whom he likened to Captain Ramsay. But the hours were well spent. The changes in procedure will bring notable improvements which the Leader of the House has been wanting for a long time.

Mr. Churchill, in the Burma debate, chose to attack the Government for not holding the Burmese down by force. Fortunately, not even his own party were behind him—Reed, Nicholson and Low voting with the Government, and many Tories abstaining.

PHINEAS INC.

THE LESSONS OF A DEFEAT

To describe as a "set-back" the loss of nearly 700 Labour seats on borough councils, out of a total of about 1,500 which were contested, deceives no one. The plain fact is that, if all the Labour councillors had stood for re-election last Saturday, instead of only one-third of them, Labour would have been most of the way back to the municipal position before the 1945 election. Nor can much consolation be derived from a study of the regional distribution of the losses. This shows, as might be expected, that the "solid" Labour areas, the homes of the coal miners and the steel workers, are still loyal. The heaviest defeats have been suffered in London dormitories, such as Ilford and Wembley, and in Birmingham, Manchester and Lancashire, precisely the places where the balance of political power always rests. If this trend is permitted to continue, anti-Socialist majorities will, within two years, be again in control of the vast majority of the English and Welsh boroughs.

But is Mr. Churchill justified in drawing from these figures the conclusion that the Government has lost the confidence of the country? This generalisation is no better based than the complacent self-deception of Transport House. To begin with, last Saturday's elections excluded not only London, but all the urban and rural councils. There is a good deal of evidence that in rural areas, where the food situation is not so acute, and the workers have benefited by the Government's agricultural policy, Socialist strength is actually increasing. A Labour defeat in the boroughs, therefore, cannot be taken, without qualification, as evidence of a national swing to the Right.

In the second place, the municipal figures themselves, when carefully analysed, reveal a paradoxical situation. This is the third year in which municipal elections have been fought on the parliamentary register. A huge new electorate has been enfranchised which knows and cares little about municipal affairs. Labour's steady access of power in local politics throughout the 'thirties was achieved on a much more restricted register and very largely as the result of middle-class apathy. The Conservative central machine before the war did not bother greatly about "municipals." But the Labour Party did, and it filled the Council Chambers up and down the country with councillors elected on a 30 per cent. or 40 per cent. poll.

This year, the central Conservative machine went into action for the first time in a grandiose campaign to mobilise the anti-Socialist vote. In many areas it fought the election with an almost complete disregard for the traditional municipal issues. Anti-Socialist candidates hardly bothered to discuss the state of the local sewage plant or even the rise in the rates. They campaigned against the cut in the bacon ration, the personality of Mr. Shinwell, and the general dreariness of life; and they systematically exploited the resentment of motorists against the abolition of "basic." The fact that none of these complaints and dissatisfactions had any relation to municipal politics did not concern them. Their slogan was not "Turn the Reds out of the Council," but "To Hell with Socialist Austerity."

In this bold break with tradition they were given every assistance by the Cabinet. The Minister of Food chose the week before the elections to announce further cuts in the bacon and sugar ration. The Minister of Fuel and Power selected polling day for the date on which the abolition of "basic" should come into force. This timing of the announcement of new "cuts" was exploited by Lord Woolton's excellent machine. Hundreds of thousands of outraged motorists made the most of the electoral petrol provided by the Government, while every garage became an anti-Socialist committee room. Canvassing was undertaken by an army of respectable middle-class people who had previously regarded local politics as unworthy of their attention. In the face of this formidable onslaught, the local Labour Parties conducted the humdrum municipal campaign, which had served them so well in the past; and feebly tried to ride off the national issues as "irrelevant."

Saturday's vote proved the futility of these tactics. By its own municipal standards, Labour did well. It polled the vote which had been sufficient in past years to win hundreds of seats comfortably. But the anti-Socialists in many cases topped their figures for a parliamentary election. The result was not a "landslide"—though there is reason to believe that some working-class women split the family vote—but a serious Labour defeat based on a greatly increased anti-Socialist vote.

What happened can best be illustrated by comparing the results of the by-election at Edgehill, some six weeks ago, with the municipal vote recorded in the same constituency last Saturday. In the by-election both Parties fired all their big guns and brought into play the full electoral machine: the municipal election was merely one among thousands. Yet these are the comparative figures:

By-election.		Municipal.	
Labour	10,827	Labour	8,759
Cons.	8,874	Cons.	9,763
Liberal	910		
Independent ..	48		
I.L.P.	154		

In the by-election Labour had a majority over the Conservatives of 1,953, and over all Parties of 841. In the municipals, the Conservative majority in a straight fight was 1,004. These figures suggest that the Conservatives, running on a straight anti-Socialist ticket, mopped up the Liberal vote and substantially increased their poll, whereas the Labour Party polled sufficient votes to win a normal municipal election; but quite insufficient to win the miniature general election which Lord Woolton had decided to stage.

This analysis is sufficient to dispose of the Tory claim that the Government has lost its parliamentary mandate. What Lord Woolton did was to transform municipal elections, traditionally fought on local issues, into a referendum "For or against Austerity." Failing to take up the challenge and tactically outmanœuvred, Labour was badly defeated.

It is impossible to guess what the results would have been if the Labour Party had fought back; but it would be silly to assume that the correct Labour tactics would have turned defeat into victory. Elections are never decided solely by the efficiency of Party machines. The Tories certainly won most of their votes by irresponsibly exploiting any and every resentment. But Labour lost votes also because some of its own members had little zest for the campaign. Even with the most skilful leadership and even if the Socialists had fought on national issues, many seats would have switched in the London suburbs and in Lancashire. Austerity has awakened the middle classes from their apathy and made them politically active, while it has quenched the evangelist enthusiasm of the working class for "our Government." This is the real lesson of the election, which the Labour Party has to face, and from which it yet can profit.

Labour must reorganise its propaganda. It cannot rely on such non-party broadcasts as the "grate-side chat" which Sir Stafford Cripps delivered on Sunday night. Sir Stafford may have made some middle-class people feel slightly guilty about their behaviour on election day. But his broadcast—which could not, by B.B.C. rules, be a party talk—could not inspire many working-class families to fight for Socialism. Socialism did not win its mass support by appeasement of a disgruntled middle class. Only by recovering the old zest of the street corner, and by showing that austerity is necessary for achieving a Socialist goal, will the Labour leadership reinvigorate itself and the Movement.

DE GAULLE AND HIS ALLIES

(By a Special Correspondent.)

IT is nearly two years since de Gaulle retired from office the better to fight a constitution which his Ministers—whether Progressive Catholic, Socialist or Communist—would otherwise impose on him. On that memorable day of his retreat, with Palewski whispering, "He's gone for good; he really means it," only to be hotly reprimanded on the following afternoon, the country could not be altogether sure what the General would have them do for him. He was immoderately against the Communists, that was obvious—wasn't it said that Thorez was the only party leader who stood up to him?—but would this go as far as excommunication? He had kept the Communists short of arms during the Resistance, and after the general election of October, 1945, he had refused them an equitable share in Government. But these moves might be merely tactical: it was still a long road to government without them and against them. To attempt that (or this is how quite moderate citizens argued in 1945) would be an open invitation to physical and moral ruin.

In the event, de Gaulle set out along this road to government against the Communists almost with the first speech he made "from retirement." At first, the intention behind his high-flung words was often missed. He wanted "a strong State," "the separation of powers," "an end to party anarchy," "a rally of France to herself" (*read:* to de Gaulle); but when he had repeated these and other slogans long and loud enough it was clear that what he really wanted was little different from the "family, work and fatherland" of Pétain. The extreme Right thought so, at any rate, and joined him in large numbers. It may be that what de Gaulle ultimately looks for is the consummation of a bourgeois heaven in which the virtues of the fireside, the Christian Tree, and the confessional box will reign benignly upon a grateful populace redeemed from mortal sin. The picture is a pleasant one, but bears, unhappily, no relation to reality. Historians will find much to intrigue them in this gaunt but very Catholic figure, mingling the virtues of courage, sincerity, and simple belief with an unusual degree of cunning, blind ambition and monumental pride. It is unlikely that he himself knows what he really wants, or just how far he would abandon scruple to secure it. On no single occasion has he ever formulated factual policies of reconstruction and recovery, or given any sign of understanding the economic and political realities that lies behind the confusing mask of public opinion.

But what is now quite certain is that de Gaulle will set no limits to his anti-Communism. Behind his contemptuous name for Thorez and his friends, *les séparatistes*, there dwells a smouldering bitterness and frustration. But for the Communists de Gaulle would have been unchallenged master of France in the moment of liberation. As it was, he came to Paris, wrapped high in the clouds of missionary disdain, to find the *Francs-Tireurs et Partisans* with smoking rifles in their hands and a glint of victory in their eyes. They all but stole his triumph from him. "The Resistance?"—he apostrophised a group of Partisans in the Toulouse region who had offered him the views of some people who had fought in the Maquis—"I am the Resistance!" From that moment the two adversaries have watched each other warily, marking their positions with an uneasy sense that in the end the world would not be wide enough to hold them both.

The local government elections of this month struck the bell for a new round. De Gaulle had failed in the first constitutional referendum of 1946 to do more than win the M.R.P. into opposition, but this was enough to defeat the proposed draft. In the second referendum the M.R.P. decided to vote in favour of the new draft—the second being, in fact, little different from the first and no less objectionable to de Gaulle—and this was carried by about 53 per cent. The 47 per cent. of the electorate who said "No" to this second draft was composed of the Right-wing groups, a large part of the M.R.P. which deserted its leaders to follow de Gaulle, and some Socialists who followed suit from an ingrained habit of anti-Communism. This is the same minority which de Gaulle again rallied to his cause this month. Thus there is nothing new in his success, no spectacular swing of the pendulum, no mass desertion from Left to Right. Bonnie Charlie has simply come back again and claimed his own.

There is one element, however, which, if not new, has acquired a new significance: and this is the apparent willingness of the Socialist Party machine, almost to the last man, to throw its weight behind de Gaulle—or behind policies which favour de Gaulle's chances, and this comes to the same thing—rather than accept any sort of partnership with the Communists. Correctness of terminology is important if the facts are to make sense. The French Socialists today are no longer the men who led the Popular Front, but the poor remnants of a great party sundered apart by the effects of invasion and civil war. Their diminished battalions come from the lower middle-class, and they have no support among the peasants and little among the workers. Their strength in the trade unions is practically limited to the "white collar" organisations of civil servants and to minority fractions allied to the Syndicalists and Trotskyists now so busy in their efforts to disrupt union discipline. Their *comité directeur* talks and behaves as Britain's Transport House might talk and behave if it were to wake up one morning to find that 80 per cent. of the T.U.C. had transferred to Harry Pollitt. They make policy in a vacuum, take action in a void.

Since Léon Blum wrote his revised testament of faith, *A l'Echelle Humaine*, it may fairly be said that the party of Jaurès has finally turned its back on the methods and objectives of Socialism. But the tradition lingers on in the sentimental demagogy of men like Mollet, a schoolmaster from Arras, in the "super-Leftism" of Pivert, for whom it might be said that Trotsky was a dangerous reactionary, in the booming platitudes of Noguères and Verdier, and, most gracefully of all, in the nostalgic journalism of the father of the party, Blum himself. This utter contradiction between what French Socialists write and say and what they do has induced in them a state of chronic neurasthenia for which no cure can be found unless it be the endless way in which the party's every tactic is discussed. A sense of inferiority towards the Communists, whose faith and purpose are as irritating as their arrogance, but whose heritage of working-class popularity seems unassailed, is mingled with the crocodile tears of administrative corruption, with a very real estimate of injured pride and personal interest, and with a complete abandonment of doctrinal coherence.

When de Gaulle retired the Socialists had it in their power to build an impregnable Left-wing Ministry. They would have had to concede important posts to the Communists, but they would have gained in consistency and thus, it is reasonable to think, would have averted the electoral losses they have suffered since. They set their faces against this course. Instead of drawing the Communists still further into administrative responsibility, and giving them a vested interest in parliamentary government through which the unions could have been bound still more tightly to a production drive, the Socialist leaders preferred to edge the Communists out of office. No doubt there were human reasons for this. Relations between Socialists and Communists might be suave and starry-eyed on the top level while the lower ranks were still at war. In a membership of a million the Communists have their proportion of intolerant fools and ambitious knaves. But the Socialists had the whip hand, and for an alliance with the Communists they could have bargained hard and far. As it was, the Communists were forced out of the Government early this year because Socialist policy in Indo-China was in no way distinct from old-fashioned imperialism (except that it was less successful), while their economic policy spelt a continued fall in the standard of living of the urban working class—that of the membership of the great unions—to consolidate the profits of black marketeers and middlemen.

It remained for the local government elections this month to show how far the Socialists would go in this pathological fear of the Left. Time and again, and notoriously in the Paris suburbs and in Marseilles, where both Communists and Gaullists were strong, the "French Section of the Socialist International" threw its weight into the Right-hand scale and carried the day for de Gaulle. The party press, meanwhile, prints banner headlines in denunciation of "Cæsarism," and calls for a great assembly of the Centre parties as a "third force barring the way to dictatorship of the Right or of the Left." This mighty "third force" consists, on closer examination, of the Socialists themselves (having less than a fifth of the trade unions in their support), of the Progressive Catholics (a clerical party which has just lost two-thirds of its electorate to de Gaulle's "Rally of the French People"), of a few odds-and-ends under the general title of "Radicals," and of a few outstanding voices from the past like M. Edouard Herriot, president of the National Assembly. The ranks of Tuscany may well afford to cheer.

The "third force" is, of course, nothing more than a nine days' slogan invented by the skilful lobbyists of the Palais Bourbon. If the Fourth Republic is to be protected by this, then Jericho would yet stand today. M. Ramadier will be lucky if he lasts two months. That does not mean an imminent civil war or anything as dramatic as this. Things are never so simple—least of all in France. The Communists have the great tactical advantage of being relatively satisfied with the present Constitution, and of wanting for the moment little than to defend it. This will count for much in a country given to an almost morbid attention to legality. The Centre parties have already shown by their reluctance to dissolve the Assembly at de Gaulle's behest that they realise their own existence as well as that of the Constitution and the Communists to be in question. At least they will not rush to welcome a new Vichy *à la de Gaulle*, however dangerously they invite it now.

For de Gaulle the key issue lies in the loyalty of the trade unions—of the *Confédération Nationale du Travail*. So long as he can count on Socialist support—even if this is only implicit in loose and unsigned electoral alliances and in diversionary tactics—he can safely accept the full adherence of the extreme Right. But he can change nothing fundamentally in France so long as the working-class marches with closed ranks behind the Communists. Hence the repeated efforts of the dissident elements in the unions to break the discipline of the majority. It is astonishing that Socialists should have played so big a part in these destructive manœuvres, but the facts are indisputable, and indeed are not contested by the Socialists themselves.

The municipal elections showed that the loyalty of the unions has yet to be shaken. One-third of the French electorate still votes Communist. But the effects of inflation, of dishonest and ineffective rationing, of diminished purchasing power, are undoubtedly having their effect in a slow demoralisation of the working class. The process has not gone very far: the gigantic and enthusiastic response to the call for unity behind the Métro strike earlier this month showed that. More active leadership by the Communists—who have just criticised themselves for not being active enough—may halt decay before it obtains the hold which brought down the Popular Front. If so, the Fourth Republic may yet have long to live. But will the Socialist Party help to kill it or to save it?

A LONDON DIARY

DR. JOHNSON was even more wrong than usual when he said that no man ever loses a night's sleep by worrying over public affairs. But it is, I think, true that no man kills himself only because the world looks like going to hell. In the case of John Winant, it is clear that his irresistibly attractive diffidence was the sign of a deep conflict of nature which periodically plunged him into moods of suicidal depression. These, of course, would be intensified when all the things he minded about in the world seemed to be going wrong, and his own chance of working for them effectively seemed to be diminishing. The climate of present American politics must have deeply affected him. The United Nations for which he desired to work was obviously a farce, and the State Department would not support him on the Social and Economic Council. He could have had no interest in the party struggle, and he was too sensitive and intelligent not to understand the significance of the present drift towards 500 per cent. Americanism. He was the most remarkable Ambassador whom America has ever sent abroad. I remember my astonishment when I first met him at a dinner just after he had arrived in England. In conversation he admitted that he had no interest in the usual social contacts of an Ambassador, but that there were people in England he very much wanted to meet. He shyly named two particularly, Professor Tawney and the Master of Balliol. This was indeed a surprising Ambassador. I arranged a lunch with Tawney, and after that Winant used to come to small parties for people who would certainly not normally be on any Foreign Office list. On such occasions his shyness would wear off, and I have known him sit after lunch talking until four o'clock, while urgent telephone messages piled up from the Embassy. He worked harder at his job than any Ambassador on record; cut out all the frills, spent no time or energy on entertaining at the Embassy, made close friendships with Labour as well as with Conservative Ministers, and was always ready to see people of any social sphere if seeing them would forward the joint interests of the people of Britain and America. He believed sincerely, one might almost say naively, in the "common man," and when he spoke in public, which he did with the utmost difficulty, he conveyed a winning impression of business-like resolution, personal humility and reserves of power. His death removes one of the small body of men on whom one had relied to begin to pull us out of our present morass.

* * *

The other day I said goodbye to a friend from Paris who was leaving after a short visit to this country. He had with him a brown paper parcel, a present, he explained, for friends in France. It contained, would you believe it, several loaves of white bread, two of them of the type we call French. On the Continent white bread is everywhere becoming a luxury (even in Denmark where it requires special coupons). My friend's general impression of England was that it was a country of wonderful normality and security. People are not afraid, they have work; the rations are shared out and everyone has enough to eat. I wished he could have talked to a few people during the municipal elections. I even heard someone in a responsible B.B.C. discussion the other day make a point against the Government by talking about the prosperity of Belgium, without as much as referring to the fact that Belgium is the one ex-belligerent country which is a creditor with plenty of dollars at its disposal! The best corrective I have seen is to be found in last week's issue of *Picture Post*, which sent responsible investigators to Europe to report on the food situation in France, Belgium, Denmark, Greece and Italy. The result fully justifies the courage of *Picture Post*, which, in order to do a serious job of work, has left out all the usual attractions from trick photographs to lingerie and leg-shows. There are no sensational pictures of swollen and starving bodies in Germany, but excellently selected photographs truthfully illustrating the devastating results of drought, harvest failure, shortage of dollars, black markets and inequality of distribution. The notes, comparing the state of other countries with ours, are excellent, and the whole presents a warning, particularly to United States Congressmen, that to restore the Continent is not a question of feeding people who are already starving, but of taking constructive steps—in time.

* * *

Fearing the fate of Petkov, Mr. Mikolajczyk has slipped out of Poland—why should he not go and come freely? He will probably go to America where he has a large following. Already, I hear, he is assured of a substantial fortune from the proceeds of the memoirs and so forth that American publishers are begging him to write. It is the Polish Government's own fault. It is itself more responsible than the British and American Embassies for creating the dangerous Black and Green International; those who refuse to permit constitutional opposition give justification to conspiracy. It is an old and bad story, not a Communist innovation. I remember talking about it on two occasions in 1945 with Tito; he spoke wisely then, declaring that a large opposition legitimately existed in Yugoslavia and that he hoped that it would organise itself constitutionally after the elections.

* * *

The war of the books in America continues unabated. The James Byrnes-General Deane school continues to attack Russia for losing the peace, while the General Patton-Ralph Ingersoll school attacks Britain for losing the war. General Patton's Diary, which appeared in America last week, puts all the blame for failures in the Battle of Germany on Montgomery and gives all the credit for success, by a strange chance, to Patton. Only a week ago one of his Colonels, Bob Allen, put forward the same thesis in yet another "frank" book which emphasised Patton's superiority by quoting such engaging comments as his description of Montgomery (behind his back) as "fighting like an infuriated rabbit." The surprising thing is that the authors of all these memoirs blaming the other man for what was, after all, a common victory never seem to realise how contemptible they make themselves. I understand that Goebbels' diary for 1942-1944 has been appropriated by the Americans from Berlin, and will be published early next year. They will use it as ammunition for the anti-Russian campaign (after all, Mr. Byrnes lays great weight on Ribbentrop's testimony against Molotov). No doubt the Doctor's word will be regarded as equally important in deciding the merits of British and American generalship.

* * *

A correspondent wrote to *The Times* last week to say that his may-trees were in flower on October 20th. The nearest thing I have seen to that are sprays of autumn apple blossom. But on Sunday, November 2nd, as I walked in the garden with Mr. Park, the hollyhocks and honeysuckle and japonica and clematis were all still in flower. The village, including Mr. Park, is persuaded that atom bombs have permanently upset the weather. Mr. Park was in excellent form on many subjects. He said that people stayed at home on Sunday nowadays because they had been "brought up to church and not Catholic." If the clergy went Catholic they could have the churches to themselves. He said that the Government ought to save fuel by forbidding all electric light bulbs of more than 25 watts. He has always refused to have electric light himself; the best light is that of a paraffin lamp. More than half the people who have to wear spectacles when they are young, said Mr. Park, ruin their eyes by electric light. I asked him if this regulation would not be a little difficult to enforce; he does not like bureaucrats or inspectors or filling up forms, and yet he would see to it that nobody had electric bulbs of more than 25 watts. When I pick up the *Daily* —— I find exactly the same confusion. The Government is to do this or that, and yet we are to have no bureaucrats. The confusion in Mr. Park's mind is the same as in Lord ——'s.

CRITIC

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Petruchio (Sir Stafford Cripps), Katherina and Tailor.

TAILOR: Here is the gown your worship did bespeak,
With round behind and skirts of ankle length,
With ruffs and cuffs and softer shoulder line,
According to the fashion of the day.

PETRUCHIO: O, mercy, God! what surplus textile's here?
Away with it, the style is lewd and filthy.

KATHERINA: Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
I never saw a better fashioned gown.

PET: Here's puff and pouf and frill and snip and slash,
What in the name of reason call you this?

TAI.: Your honour, 'tis the Parisian *derrière*,
The demi-bustle, and the gown is made
Exactly to the Board of Trade's direction.
I'll prove it by your worship's fashion note,
You bid me make it sumptuously and well.

PET.: Marry I did, but if you be remembered,
That style is earmarked for the export trade.
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant!
Despatch it to the Argentine or Sweden.

KATH.: And why, forsooth, should I be less well dressed
Than Swiss or Swede or outsized Argentine?
I'll ruffle it as bravely as the best
With silken coats and caps and golden rings.

PET.: If you have golden rings, my bonny Kate,
They should be melted for the Treasury.
Come, do not frown. Why dost thou look so sour?
I love thee in utilitarian garb.

KATH.: Love me or love me not, I like the gown,
And gentlewomen wear such styles as these
With slender or with swirling silhouette
And hemline flaring well below the knees.
I tell thee, sir, my skirt is far too short.

PET.: It likes me well when skirts are passing short.

KATH.: Right, wouldst thou give me fashioned silken hose.
Fie on these paltry stuffs and cotton calves!

PET.: Good Kate, would I could teach thee economics!
Long skirts are criminally anti-social.
Our hearts must patient be, our garments poor,
For honour peereth through the meanest habit,
And, beauteous Kate, thou art no whit less fair,
Clad in the garments of austerity.
Content thee then, for thou wilt have no leisure
To deck thy body with this ruffling treasure.

KATH.: Indeed, my lord? then I will say no more.
(Exit Kath.)

PET.: Thus I have politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
I'll show the way to kill a wench with kindness
For none knows better how to tame a shrew.
See where she comes, subdued and passing gentle.

KATH. (entering): Fair lord, I will not bandy frown for frown,
But tell me how you like me in this gown.
Last season's styles this season do not fit,
And present fashions tax a woman's wit,
But what there is, she makes the most of it.
Know fashion is a womanly affair,
Nor can men tell a woman what to wear.
Nay, never fume nor fret, for I have done—
But this new mode I'll have, or I'll have none,
So talk no more, good sir, of right or wrong—
Though stuff is short, skirts must and will be long.

SAGITTARIUS

IS THERE A MOLOTOV PLAN ?

During the summer the Central European capitals have speculated about the existence of a Molotov Plan, designed to outbid Marshall. The rapidly concluded series of bilateral trade agreements between the Soviet Union and the East European countries gave colour to the idea that an alternative was being prepared, and the new development, though it is not spectacular, does represent a substantial expansion of trade from a very low level in the Balkans and a new direction of trade for Hungary and Czechoslovakia. In total value these agreements represent trade to the value of some $1,300 million, of which the greater part is covered by the series of five-year trade agreements made by Czechoslovakia, to the value of $444 million with Russia, $318 million with Poland, $150 million with Yugoslavia, and $68 million with Bulgaria. This will mean a considerable change in the direction of Czech trade. Other important agreements are Hungary's with Yugoslavia ($100 million) and with Russia ($70 million); Rumania's with Russia ($50 million); and Bulgaria's with Russia ($87 million). The total value of Yugoslavia's agreement with Russia has not been disclosed; it is probably larger than the others, except the Czech, and is linked with a credit; as are also the Russian agreements with Rumania and Bulgaria.

But is there any principle behind these agreements? Some of the new trade is simply the restoration of old channels between food surplus and food deficit countries. Czechoslovakia, for instance, always a food importer, this year has a very large deficit in grain, to be covered by the import of 460,000 tons of maize from Rumania, Hungary and Yugoslavia, its old suppliers, and 400,000 tons of wheat and fodder grain to be provided from Russia's grain surplus. These bird-in-the-hand agreements are more important to Czechoslovakia than inclusion on the dollar shopping list. Poland also has a large grain deficit still, amounting to 600,000 tons, and this is also being met by Soviet supplies.

Much of the new trade is intended to supply industrial raw materials which were formerly supplied by Germany and Austria, mainly coke and iron ore, chemicals and machinery. This gap can be in part filled by Polish coal and coke exports and Yugoslav iron ore, and by supplies from Russia. Hungary, for instance, is now able to cover most of its essential import needs through the new agreements, iron ore coming from Yugoslavia and Russia, coke from Poland and Russia, and caustic soda for the paralysed aluminium industry from Yugoslavia. The Russian agreements with Rumania, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia follow much the same lines. Russia supplies industrial raw materials, cotton, coke, iron and steel, and agricultural machinery, mainly in return for each country's staple exports, Rumanian oil, Yugoslav copper and lead, and Bulgarian tobacco, which were formerly taken by Germany. But there is no export of food to Russia; on the contrary Russia is exporting food to the region, and taking dairy produce from Denmark. Further, it is Russia which gives the credits to the Balkans, whereas formerly it was they which were forced to give credit to the Reich through the clearing balances.

Thus while the resumption of trade is designed to meet the main industrial needs formerly supplied by Germany, the exchange is made on an entirely new basis. In 1939, it is important to remember, Germany dominated the trade of these countries, taking some 70 per cent. of their exports, on highly unfavourable terms, a dependence forced on to them by the closing of the Western markets in the 1930's. It is too easily forgotten, in the present atmosphere of international discussion, that Eastern Europe before the war was almost entirely excluded from trade with Western Europe by tariffs, and that the West never found the means of offering secure markets for their produce to the agrarian countries, and never supplied capital on terms which promoted a general industrial development. It was their one-sided agricultural economy, their growing poverty and rural over-population, and the absence of alternative markets, which led to their exploitation as Hitler's "Food-Space," and their almost complete dependence on Germany for industrial raw materials. The collapse of Germany meant not only that they must find alternative sources of supplies, but also that they must find a new place in the international order and a new basis for their economic life. Every serious study of Eastern Europe made in this country before and during the war recognised this fact, and concluded that after the war international measures would be needed to promote the industrialisation of the region by reparations payments, or by special capital investment. Now, in international discussion, these principles are forgotten, and Eastern Europe's need for capital and fear of German industrial domination are disregarded. Even had these countries been included in the Marshall discussions, their claims would at best have been treated on a *status quo* basis. The Paris Committee report "assumes" that by 1951 "the flow" of food and timber from Eastern Europe will be resumed, without recollecting the means by which the flow was secured in 1939.

Clearly what Eastern Europe must have, to redress its one-sided development, is trade and credit to fit in with the general industrial plans, and it is the integration of trade with planning that represents the really new principle. Hungary's plan was adjusted at the last minute, after the conclusion of the Yugoslav trade agreement, to provide for the expansion of production of electrical equipment and the construction of a power station needed for the Yugoslav Five Years Plan. The Czech and Polish plans are also interconnected by the recent agreement: Poland will supply some 1,700,000 tons of coke and coal to Czechoslovakia in return for machine tools and other industrial equipment. But the limits to this kind of integration are quickly reached, because the overall bottlenecks of all the plans are the same—steel, machinery, electrical apparatus, machine tools—above all mining machinery in Poland and Yugoslavia and textile machinery in Hungary. The only country in the region which can produce these goods, though in inadequate quantities at the moment, is Czechoslovakia, and planning for the whole area will thus necessitate an expansion of the Czech engineering branches. Hence the announcement, recently made by Premier Gottwald, that Czechoslovakia will begin a new five years plan in 1949, mainly to expand its heavy industry and engineering production. Hitherto the plans have been drawn up on national lines; and it is the more advanced industrial countries, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, with relatively high living standards, which at the moment have relatively low production targets, and relatively low investment programmes, while the poorest and most devastated, Poland and Yugoslavia, have higher targets and propose to invest as much as 20 per cent. of their national income. Now planning is to move on to an international level, the Czech heavy industry expansion being presumably designed to meet the overall shortage in machinery.

Does this mean that the economic development of the region is being planned in isolation, and that the object of the plans is to cut off trade relations with the West? Obviously most of these agreements were prepared before the Marshall offer, and were needed in any event to secure raw materials for the plans. There is no sign that the agreements are intended to exclude other trade, and most of these countries have also reached agreements with the West, and are increasing their trade with Switzerland and Scandinavia in particular. Poland will export about half its coal to the West, and in fact the increase of Polish exports to Western Europe is one of the assumptions of the Paris Committee. Rumania has just received a $25 million credit from Argentine, to buy hides, wool and tanning materials. As agricultural production returns to normal, the scope for trade with the West, particularly Austria, will clearly increase. But when large grain surpluses are again available the new conception of planned trade will certainly mean that they will be exported to Western Europe in return for imports related to long-term regional needs.

In the sense of an isolationist trading system, then, there is nothing that can be called a Molotov plan. But what Eastern Europe clearly has got, and what the West has not, is a plan in the genuine sense of a positive conception of its own regional development, in terms of living standards and the machinery necessary to carry it into effect. Unlike the Paris Committee, these countries do not rely on assumptions that flows of goods will be resumed, but have applied highly realistic policies to deal with the interconnected problems of wages and prices, industrial production and food deliveries. All, with the exception of Poland, have now stabilised their currencies, usually with drastic blocking measures, and so have established a stable relation between prices and wages, and avoided the spiv-civilisation of suppressed inflation. To secure higher industrial output they have made a bold use of wage incentives and differential food rations. The problem of peasant grain delivery, which defeats France and Italy, is also a problem in the East, but the East European governments have faced it, either by genuinely tough compulsory measures, as in Bulgaria, or by free prices and consumer-goods allocations to farmers' co-operatives.

But is the machinery in itself sufficient to carry the plans into effect, and can they be achieved without foreign capital? The real danger in a policy of forced industrialisation is that it may involve too heavy sacrifices from present consumption, and reduce food production by taking too much labour out of agriculture. In Eastern Europe the plans involve no such risk, because the food supply is assured and is increasing, and in most of these countries there is still a large surplus of labour on the land which can be absorbed into industry without reducing farm output. In these conditions, there is no danger that industrial progress will be bought at the price of starvation. Obviously dollar aid could, if it would, speed up the achievement of the plans, but its absence will not prevent their realisation. On the contrary, judging by all Europe's experience in the inter-war period, lack of planning in the West is likely to endanger the success of foreign lending more than lack of foreign capital in the East is likely to endanger the success of economic planning.

Doreen Warriner

THE STATE AND GAMBLING—II

The Street Betting Act as operated to-day is a farce. Bookmakers' runners go freely to factories and public houses collecting cash bets. Sometimes the police catch one and secure a conviction. After a runner has been convicted once or twice he is fined and the bookmaker engages another one. Apart from the payment of the fines the bookmaker incurs no direct penalties. No regulations compel him to shut down his business for evading the law and he escapes the sharply rising scale of fines imposed under the Street Betting Act by the easy expedient of changing his agents. He is able to get away with it because there is no registration required of bookmakers before they set up shop. Consequently there are no standards of conduct applicable to them, as there are to innkeepers, forcing them to comply with the law or lose the right to ply their trade.

This lack of registration was one of the main reasons for the failure of the Betting Tax introduced in 1926. The ease with which it was possible to become a bookmaker, the nebulousness of transactions in which cash passes by hand unobserved, the lack of powers for the police to enter on betting premises and inspect the books, made it

inevitable that the close supervision required for the collection of such a tax should be absent. As a result the tax, at the very highest estimate, was only levied on a third of the annual volume of betting. Any further attempts to derive a revenue from betting must take these factors into account and also deal with the root cause of the prevalence of street betting. These are simple enough. The better-off sections of the betting public do their "off the course" betting on credit accounts. Mostly they use the telephone, although occasionally they mail or telegraph their bets. The poorer elements cannot readily get credit, nor are telephones immediately accessible to them. Mailing or telegraphing a shilling bet is not worth the bother, even if they could get the credit. Their outlet is the man in the pub or the commission agent at the factory gates, who wants cash on the spot. With such a widespread demand for gambling the refusal to allow cash betting forces illegality on all small money gamblers, because they place their bets daily after reading the newspaper forecasts.

No amount of moralising will do away with the present illegalities, nor will it appreciably curb the extent of gambling. Education against gambling is a long-term task against terrific odds. Nevertheless, it is obviously in the interest of the State that there should be some check on it, and that it should be conducted openly and decently and not furtively round the corner, out of the range of the policeman. Although it is true that only £80 million a year are actually lost in the aggregate by gamblers, at the same time the regular weekly outgoings, which might have been spent on necessities, are not offset entirely by the irregular windfalls. Wins, as a general rule, are not incorporated into the household budget, but are spent on a wireless or a booze-up or a holiday. When gambling invades working-class households to such an extent that insufficient money is put aside for food and clothes and rent, the moralists are on strong ground. Though this does not appear to have happened as yet, what may happen is that if we run into a period of wholesale unemployment, the habit of gambling formed in the days of full employment may seriously deprive families of vital necessaries.

If any worthwhile check is to be put on gambling the only agency that can effect it is the State. To do it requires some courage, considerable imagination and a lot of organisation, with the incentive that there is plenty of revenue for the gathering. The approach must be twofold: long-term and short-term. The long-term aim is to nationalise every form of gambling. The short-term objective is to tax severely the gambling that remains under private control whilst the industry is in the process of absorption by the State.

At the top of the list for nationalisation are the pools. At present, pool forecasting is largely concentrated in the hands of eight firms, all rivalling each other in the variety of the combinations offered, and in promises of higher dividends. Two of the pools, Vernons and Littlewoods, are in Liverpool, a centre of considerable unemployment. The postal system enables them to deal with clients in England, Scotland and Wales. There is no reason why they should not both be taken over at once and run as State pools, and all other football pools shut down. All coupons would be directed to Liverpool and the additional labour needed could readily be recruited there. To run one big pool for the whole country would probably require about thirty thousand employees, which would represent a net saving in full-time labour of fifteen thousand and knock off some thirty thousand part-time canvassers and workers.

For the investors the attraction would be that a monopoly pool would pay larger dividends because of lower overheads, and yet continue on one coupon all the variety of combinations maintained by the existing pools. Until nationalisation was carried through, an entertainment tax of twopence in sixpence on every stake could be levied. The extra twopence would be added to the stake and sent by the investor and collected from the pools. The tax would not reduce the quantity of smaller bets but might well bring down a 3s. 6d. stake to half-a-crown. The relatively small number of pools make accounting and collection a simple matter and the annual yield should be £12 or £13 million. After nationalisation the tax could either be kept on or reduced, the State keeping back a higher proportion of the dividends.

Horse and greyhound racing can be grouped together and totalisators operating for both can readily be taken over by the State. The profession of bookmaking should be made illegal. In its place offices should be set up in each area where there is already a bookmaker, to act as agents for the totalisators, so removing the necessity for illegal cash betting in the factories and the streets. All totalisator offices should be empowered to take cash, even though they are not on a racecourse, and the offices could operate both for dogs and for horses. This might take a little time to organise, although the sooner bookmakers are extinguished, the sooner illegalities can be eliminated. In the interim period bookmakers should be forced to register themselves, and their employees, with the local police. A high registration fee should be fixed and a licence to operate as a bookmaker only given to reputable applicants by the local licensing authorities. Any infringement of the law by a bookmaker, or one of his employees, should be sufficient for a revocation of the licence. The same tax of twopence in sixpence as for football pools should be levied, and after nationalisation—when all horse and greyhound betting would then be done through the totalisators—the tax should be either maintained or smaller dividends paid out. Such a scheme would bring in revenue of at least £150 million a year and save a labour force of perhaps 75,000. Gamblers could not complain because in no sense can gambling be regarded as anything but a luxury. Anti-gamblers should not complain because the tax would afford a definite check, and there is the additional factor that a State monopoly in gambling, with adequate facilities for indulgence in the habit, would obviate the present mass evasion of the law—in itself a considerable social evil.

The last item is lotteries. The Royal Commission on Lotteries and Betting agreed in 1932 that if there were to be lotteries on a large scale, then the organisation most fitted to run them efficiently was the State. All the machinery for conducting them is available now. Tickets could be sold and winnings paid out through the Post Office. Because the overheads would be small, prizes would be proportionately higher than the 50 per cent. usually paid out by lotteries to-day. The amount of revenue that could be obtained through them is unascertainable. Certainly nation-wide lotteries with many and substantial prizes would subtract from other forms of gambling; but the profits from lotteries earned by the Exchequer could not be less than some £10 million a year. Lotteries, the most harmless form of gambling, might even help a little to brighten the days of austerity.

WOODROW WYATT

WAR AGAINST THE WRITERS

The author of this article, Hans Habe, is a novelist who has been living and working in Hollywood since he was demobilised in 1945.

THE most astonishing feature in the sensational court procedure of the "Hollywood Investigation" at Washington remains the fact that no actual crime has been committed. Not even the members of the investigating board can claim that Hollywood has ever produced any "Communistic" pictures.

If there is no crime committed, how then can witnesses be selected to appear before an inquiring board? The method is altogether not too complicated. The committee has chosen to hear anyone in Hollywood who claims some knowledge about "potential" Communists. To be the mother, uncle or sweetheart of a movie star is title enough to be heard. The committee has also issued subpœnas to all those who have actively supported the late President Roosevelt, have shaken hands with Henry Wallace or committed other similar acts of high treason. Although there can hardly be a comparison between the Thomas committee and Hitler's concentration camps, there is from a legal point of view a very marked resemblance—namely, that in both cases people are accused of crimes they might commit, not of crimes they have actually committed.

While such lovely defendants as Myrna Loy, Katherine Hepburn and Paulette Goddard would have added greatly to the glamour of the trial, Mr. Parnell Thomas recognised that they would have stolen the limelight if they had been personally summoned to Washington. Stars who were accused of Leftism were represented more in sorrow than in anger as the victims of a dark underground organisation which aims to destroy the Hollywood way of life. The name of this "Communistic Klu-Klux-Klan" is "Screen Writers' Guild."

For several years there has indeed been growing unrest among the writers of Hollywood. While many, if not all, producers, directors and stars have willingly submitted themselves to the categorical imperative of two offices—the Johnston office and the box-office—most of the screen writers have felt the revolutionary urge to "do" pictures somewhat related to real life. A rebellion amongst people whose weekly salaries average 1,500 dollars or more is necessarily slow, but such a rebellion nevertheless exists. It has to be admitted that the motives of the Hollywood rebels are not totally disinterested. As the "Screen Writers' Guild" pointed out a short time ago, the screen writers obtain only one per cent. from Hollywood's total yearly profits, and their importance, compared with stars, directors or producers is indeed very small. If, on the other hand, pictures of artistic and literary importance were to be made, the role of the writers would immediately cease to be second rate. There are, however, other motives. Art is a contagious disease and Hollywood still possesses such responsible producers and directors as Sidney Franklin, Dore Schary, Willy Wyler, Jerry Wald, Alfred Hitchcock or Frank Capra. The industry therefore lives under the threat that one day it might have to cope with their standards. If the influence of the non-commercial artists were ever to be increased, the whole movie industry would have to follow a completely new and most uncomfortable pattern. It is this sort of "un-Americanism" that Representative Thomas's committee has set out to prevent.

There are three reasons for the passionate interest of a Washington committee in these internal affairs of the movie industry. There is, first, full agreement between Washington and the majority of the big Hollywood firms that real problems of everyday life are to be kept out of the American movies. There is, secondly, a strong inclination to defeat any and all unions if an opportunity arises to do so. The "Screen Writers' Guild" is a strongly disciplined, well-constructed and most powerful organisation, and to defeat it by traducing its members is a welcome idea. Washington has, furthermore, repeatedly suggested that some strongly anti-Russian pictures should be made in Hollywood, which would complement the propaganda exerted in the press and over the air. Some producers and directors as well as many actors were inclined to follow this advice, but so far not a single screen writer could be found to join the Red-baiting chorus. Though the Hollywood writers play so small a part in the production of movies, it is quite impossible to produce a picture without them. The Washington committee knows perfectly well that there is no danger of communistic pictures in Hollywood, but the pictures of the new crusade cannot be produced till the liberal screen writers are ousted; and so, though actors, producers and directors are being used to give the trial glamour and mass appeal, its intended victims are the forgotten men of Hollywood—its writers and thinkers.

HANS HABE

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to D. Wilkinson.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The Socialists lost their only seat at Torrington, Devon, making the council completely non-political.—*Sunday Express.*

We would urge every elector to register an emphatic protest against municipal councils being controlled by political organisations by recording their votes against the Labour candidates and returning an anti-Socialist body to rule our borough.—*Brighton and Hove Herald.*

It was announced that on October 27 the district nurse will give a talk and demonstration on "The last offices for the dead." This will be open to the public.—*From Reports of Women's Institute Meetings—Scarborough Mercury.*

"Someone else has written calling me a trumpet or something. I must look that up in the dictionary.

"I've never heard of the word."—*Daily Mirror.*

It is only a rich nation that can look after its unemployed on the scale that we did, and we were rich because we were Capitalistic. We shall never be rich again until we are Capitalistic again, and until overful employment is nothing more than an unhappy memory of a harassed, penurious and Socialistic past.—*Daily Graphic.*

The Arts and Entertainment

Matthew Smith, Craxton and Freud

AT Tooth's we find that what Fry referred to as the plastic colour of Matthew Smith operates upon us as powerfully as ever. Further, we are shown once again that, for a truly contemplative eye, apples and pears and the other commonplaces of "the still life arrangement" (jugs and a clay figure) will always suffice: nor is there the fear of such things dating, if the quality of vision is such as Mr. Smith bestows. But if his impulsive brush used sometimes to register the single object too summarily, too much in terms dictated by a rapid apprehension of the whole subject so that the same scribble of colour that evokes the pear also to some extent suppresses it, obscuring as well as creating its form, that is increasingly a feature of the past. Matthew Smith's still life series at Tooth's have a gigantic calm and clarity. His objects no longer lurch into one another, or sway in a crowd towards a corner of the canvas, blown by the gale of the painter's passion. Each stands free of its neighbour; fully created, in space; yet detached, aloof and refined to the point of being almost a symbol of itself. No. 14, *Still life with pears and jug*, has a flat scribble of amber colour bounded by a single, thickish brushline of softened alizarine crimson for the jug: this superbly simple shape, flat in itself but not in its operation, is almost Braque-like in its heraldic grandeur.

But what happens in the portraits? His deep desire to resolve the chaotic rush of evidence brought in by the eye and to organise it into a pattern involving semi-abstract components—he was Fauve but never impressionist: composition for him was always an affair of *definite* forms, the rotund predominating—all this is partly frustrated in the portaits. In the faces Matthew Smith descends to his most naturalistic: he lacks Matisse's intellectual power and cannot reduce face and figure to the economical terms of his own best design. On the other hand, he can't rid himself of the linear to the extent of forcing a harder and clearer form, built plastically; for this would involve the tonal modulation he has so rarely attempted, as well, perhaps, as a resort to differentiated planes—another kind of expression he has never bothered much about.

The landscapes also are in a category slightly apart. No. 12. *Provençal Landscape, I*, is in the older manner, the writhing brushwork perfectly discharging its plastic duties—for we are aware only of the quiet fullness of the hillside's contour, the tree's mass. In the near slope, under an olive tree which is the work of Mr. Smith's thumb, I think, the sweetness and delicacy of the caressing strokes—a feathery seductiveness which is nonetheless sure in its definition of the receding ground—remind us of Renoir, but the Renoir of the small rapid sketches. We might notice that Matthew Smith's idiom precludes all detailed comment: what the fat, volume-evoking swirls leave unsaid cannot be added; the afterthought of a leaf or two on a bush, or an extra accent of drawing, these are impossible. Such detail must be supplied by the spectator (as it would have to be with Cézanne, but not with Renoir). As for the drawing, the drawing's all in the paint and the paint is all colour. There is no paint here which is not drawing; and none which is not operative colour. What other definitions has fine painting?

Nothing better illustrates the non-Latin, anti-French wave now sweeping Western art, from Picasso to Sutherland, than the painting of Lucian Freud who at present shares a one-man show at the London Gallery with John Craxton. Freud has, of course, precisely nothing in common with Mr. Smith; and would perhaps prefer to claim Flemish rather than Pre-Raphaelite ancestry. But I doubt whether he should be allowed to: he shares with Rossetti what may now be called a surrealist wilfulness, which spoils some of his pictures at the last moment. For instance: his *Girl in a Dark Jacket* is a fine construction beautifully painted. The manipulation of the surfaces is excellently consistent; and it is a consistency which succeeds in relating empty, eggshell-smooth areas to bunches of microscope detail. But the final addition of 100 wiry hairs to a head of well organised convex planes is sheer pictorial weakness. It's the old shock-tactics of the surrealist painters: by jumping to a new and different level of feeling they sought to conceal inability on the only relevant level—that of formal, pictorial expression. Freud's plastic gift is not immense but he organises shallow forms very well indeed: there is no need of such tricks.

John Craxton, on the other hand, now organises form in depth. No. 7, *Head of a Greek*, and No. 17, *Head of a Sailor* show the fruits of unashamed study of the cubist Picasso and of Gris; while in No. 1, *Boy on a Blue Chair*, more recent Picassos lie buried. They are, I think, certainly amongst the finest cubist works ever made in England: and who knows his cubism is on the right road, in my view. His landscapes I cannot praise. PATRICK HERON

MUSIC

Wordsworth and Mellers.—The Third Programme performs one of its most useful functions in the series of concerts devoted to contemporary English composers; last week a session introducing the music of William Wordsworth and Wilfred Mellers turned out to be uncommonly well worth while. The two composers are not alike in personality or style, but both of them show a freedom from the worst faults of our recent past so marked as to be quite exhilarating: if I may condense an impression into a frivolous phrase, both are wonderfully free of the taste of barley-water. As is natural in a pupil of Tovey, William Wordsworth is a traditional composer, but his music never falls into insular insipidity; his Piano Concerto (which the B.B.C. ought to give us one day soon) and last week's String Trio reveal a fresh and attractive musical personality, serious without pedantry. Though not obvious, this is the kind of music which begins to seem pleasantly familiar at a second hearing.

Wilfred Mellers was born in 1914, has studied with Egon Wellesz, and is best known hitherto as the author of an interesting but badly written book called *Music and Society*. His handling of sounds, however, is expressive and various: the brief settings of Shakespearean songs for three female voices go straight to the point, and must be delightful to sing; and in its best passages the String Trio seems to have forged a link between sixteenth-century polyphony and the sinuously expressive line of Alban Berg. This is the sort of work which repays the closest study, but it will attract an attentive listener from the first, because all three movements, and especially the last, make a curiously large and rich impression, not only in sheer sound but in emotional content. But the Mellers and the Wordsworth Trios are laid out for their difficult medium with that supple craftsmanship which prevents their sounding like String Quartets with a hole in the middle; and they were quite admirably performed by the Robert Masters Trio.

Don Giovanni.—Mr. Pomeroy deserves great credit for making this now somewhat neglected masterpiece regularly available to London opera-goers. It is a substantial and forthright, rather than an exquisitely polished, revival. With greater familiarity Signor Erede's forces, and especially his orchestra, will doubtless do greater justice to Mozart's subtleties; and it must be remembered that extremes of refinement (as we observed in the recent Viennese performance) can actually reduce the scale and range of the music. This is a mistake which is unlikely to be made at the Cambridge Theatre, where vigour and gusto abound. Both Anna (Rachele Ravina) and Elvira (Franca Sacchi) tackle their music in the full-blooded style which it demands; "Non mi dir," it is true, shows up rather cruelly the limitations of Mme. Ravina's technique, and Mme. Sacchi could turn her ample voice and warm temperament to finer account if only she would remember the cardinal importance (above all in Mozart) of keeping the tone sensuously beautiful; but that seems to be about the last consideration that occurs to a contemporary soprano. Murray Dickie's Don Ottavio was very neatly sung; a little more conviction in the manner of utterance, a little more honey in the tone, and it would be first-rate. Bruce Boyce, as Don Giovanni, had some fine declamatory moments in the last scene, but make-up and temperament suggested jovial good nature rather than sensuality, and he was in the unenviable position of playing throughout the evening beside the brilliant and mercurial Leporello of Italo Tajo, who tends to put everybody else in the shade. This is the sort of fault which only a very experienced opera producer can tackle; Clifford Evans brought off some good strokes, but it was a typical miscalculation, either on his part or on that of Joseph Carl, the designer, to allow the noble tones of Signor Stefanoni to be masked behind a colossal but flimsy-looking statue. Opera production is a highly skilled trade, and the advantages of a "fresh approach" are easily exaggerated. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

THE long-awaited free discussions on religion were inaugurated last week under the title of "Belief and Unbelief." I hope that Disbelief will not be ignored, and that the series will be a very long one. It began, as it no doubt should, tentatively and unspectacularly. Wistful, charming, lucidly argumentative, and utterly unbellicose, Dr. Roland Winfield, an agnostic, unfortunately could not persuade the Rev. Nathaniel Micklem properly to engage with him at any point; Dr. Micklem, genial, forgiving, Olympian, much addicted to the tolerant pooh-pooh, and the intolerable ha-ha, refused to be drawn. He seemed to incline towards the common view that a thoughtful and sensitive agnostic is really Christian in almost all but name. (And it is true that now the days of the great agnostics are over, some agnostics like to be thus thought of.) I deplored it that Dr. Micklem should indulge himself in that pretentious whimsey that if Jesus were to appear in Broadcasting House at that moment, he, Dr. Micklem, would make a dash for the back door—especially since his duty would, I opine, be a prompt intercession on behalf of Dr. Winfield. Like many scientists unimpressed by materialism, Dr. Winfield got on to the beauties and the feelings of exaltation inspired by the music of Bach, without exploring whether these feelings were different from the feelings which are wrought in others by Puccini, and which a girl I once knew used to experience when listening to a piece of music called *Gipsy Violin*. "It

is in the Minor Key," she explained, "and I like anything in the Minor Key." It was into exactly such amiable mistiness of sentiment that this first discussion eventually dissolved. I blame Dr. Micklem most; he refused to take Dr. Winfield seriously, and Dr. Winfield ended by becoming rather unserious himself. This criticism could not be made of the second broadcast: no one could have been more serious than Dr. Reeves, who appeared not to notice, far less to answer, Mr. Kingsley Martin's damaging attacks on her position.

I hope that there will be great variety in the kinds of believer and unbeliever chosen for these discussions. I hope particularly that we shall hear the relapsed convert and the reconverted apostate, since their experiences are often extremely comprehensive and well-scrutinised. And I hope there will be a chance to hear the Freudian viewpoint uncontaminated by Jungian uplift. It is too much, I suppose, to expect that the more sensitive religious artists of our day, like Mr. T. S. Eliot or Mr. Graham Greene, will be asked, or would consent, to argue; but I trust we shall hear some of those remarkable Roman converts, who, while never convincing others (least of all their fellow-communicants) that they are religious men, yet manage to seem *plus papiste que le Pape*.

Mr. John Galloway, in a recent letter, has made an acute criticism of the constitution of "Friday Forum." It is, as he also says, a development of the Brains Trust; I would add that it seems to have been rendered inevitable by the bad manners of those brain-trusters who could not resist using their invitations to broadcast as a means of propaganda. But its balance of time and numbers is quite wrong. The standard of political discussion to-day is very low; and the *non sequiturs* of some speakers cannot be coped with in half an hour by two or three others who also have their own points to make. This middle way, with three or four speakers, doesn't work; the listener often feels there is no one to protest for him. Better, I suggest, to have either a pair of speakers in a half-hour discussion, or a permanent larger group, with additional guests, for a longer period. Preposterous assertions are less likely to get by unchallenged in either of these circumstances. HENRY REED

THE MOVIES

"La Belle et la Bête," at the Rialto

M. Cocteau is an illusionist. He prepares for the imagination trap-doors of surprise, velvet curtains, the cards that will cheat irresistibly. A lady sawn in two! Wait for the transformation scene! Mind your pockets! Pigeons! No deception! And the wand goes on pointing, the music delays . . . Some such sensation, as of evenings spent with the Great Dante—not Alighieri—accompanies our least experience of the Cocteau idea whether in two stanzas of verse or an ink outline. A lightness, a precise distortion, a grace, an agony. A trickery. After a while we get to know, more or less, how it has been done. We shan't be taken in again. Life must be seen, perhaps, steadily and whole. Then along comes M. Cocteau with his tall hat and his new bag of tricks (including most of the old), and our good intentions fly out by the window. In a literal-minded age he chooses the most literal of all our forms of expressions—the cinema—and employs it to discover make-believe and legend.

So, Beauty and the Beast. We all know them, but we haven't seen and heard them. Our first vision of Beauty—a Cinderella among quacking sisters and attendant poultry—forms in reflection from the floor she is polishing. She'll do, more than do: no illustration ever came to life like Mlle Josette Day moving and speaking. When her father goes a-journeying she asks simply for her rose; the rose takes us to the Beast's lair and the heart of Cocteau's invention. What a Castle Ominous! The traveller's shadow enlarges as he mounts the steps; the doors open; candelabra illume themselves to right and left, held by human arms that issue from the walls; an avenue of such lights leading to the hall where a table is richly laid and a fire crackles and the sculptured heads supporting the overmantel stare and move their eyes to follow the stranger's movement. Their presence, now and later, engages fearfully. The juggler must juggle at last with death. (This is what in Cocteau repels the kind-hearted and unimaginative.) Beauty, fainting and carried upstairs by the Beast with her head fallen back, dissembles death: the caryatids mysteriously live. Every detail of these rooms and corridors, of the balustrades and canine effigies without, the wild parkland, the dark twisting forest ways, has the beauty and compulsion of dreams. Here, perhaps, transmitted with lucidity, are the pleasures, laced with pain, of opium.

The legendary Beast is a nightmare Puss-in-Boots. Cocteau deploys him with much ingenuity. A greedy drinking sound: there he is bending down to *lap* from the stream. He threatens, he abases himself with an ugly dignity. He springs away in the undergrowth after a fleeing deer. He stalks a corridor and holds out reeking hands. His voice (the actor is Jean Marais) eerily compels. But we have to see a great deal of that big furry head, and we have time to admire him as the most spectacular and perfect of tricks when only his bestial unhappiness should concern us. His death is touchingly realised. To Beauty, who tries to rally him, he says, "If I were a man I could resist death, but since I am only an animal I must lie down and die like an animal." Cocteau has written and projected the part admirably, but still there is a gap—the gap through which illusions may vanish—between the idea and the creation. And this applies perhaps in some degree to the whole film.

Cocteau made *La Belle et la Bête* himself. Everywhere it bears his signature, as *L'Eternel Retour* did not, but the personal touch hasn't brought with it complete mastery of its medium. The photography and the marshalling of clatter in the early scenes is disappointing; the actors sometimes achieve inexpressiveness rather than style; the literalness of the camera doesn't always paradoxically pay. The film in some indefinable way fails to excite as much as it should. One can measure the shortcomings in Cocteau's own journal (*La Belle et la Bête: Journal d'un Film*, Janin, 180 fr.): to anyone who has enjoyed the film, a fascinating record. Many details and incidents sprang up in the course of work; others appeal more vividly from the printed page. But whatever the faults, the balance of achievement is remarkable. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE THEATRE

"Anna Lucasta," at His Majesty's
"All Over the Town," at the Playhouse

Anna Lucasta is sure of success. The reasons are obvious. The plot about the fallen woman rescued by true love is one of the basic human stories that never fails. Hopelessly stale according to all the critics, but always and universally popular. The fallen woman herself, Hilda Simms, acts well and looks delightful, and her lover from the country, Frederick O'Neal, is, if possible, even more attractive. He is a real character. All the actors are Negroes, who hurl brutal cracks at one another as a preliminary to blows. Finally, the play leaves plenty to discuss and advertises itself. One of the critics, for instance, wanted to know whether these Negroes really act well or whether it is because they are not English that merely makes us think so? Answer, they do act well, with immense energy, but that foreign actors always get off with a flying start in this country. Further queries, whether the "good" characters are not soft and unconvincing, whether the father's hatred of Anna is enough explained, whether the last scene is not feeble and sentimental, and the whole story, if analysed a bit shoddy? Answer yes, but that vivacity, warmth and team-work make even the unconvincing second reclamation of Anna seem a flaw of only secondary importance.

Mr. Delderfield's *All Over the Town* is a fast and sometimes overacted comedy about local government and newspaper graft in a small seaside town. Obviously Mr. Delderfield knows the inside of both the rackets he depicts. The hero, Nat Hearn (Peter Neil), is a returning soldier, ex-journalist, who takes on all comers and wins through, girl (Rosalyn Boulter) and all. There is much to criticise in this production, but it is fresh and lively and the audience appreciated the social criticism.

Correspondence

SOUTH-WEST AFRICA

SIR,—In your issue of October 25, the High Commissioner for South Africa, Mr. G. Heaton Nicholls, suggested that before rushing to condemn the Union for its claims to South-West Africa, one should consult "many years of reports to the Mandates Commission at Geneva." As a South African who is not exactly proud of his country's record of treatment of its non-European citizens, I took his advice. I found that on the whole the reports of the Mandates Commission support not his arguments but those of "Critic."

Mr. Nicholls denies the truth of "Critic's" statement that "under the Mandate the White African policy of keeping natives in the most miserable conditions in the reserves from which they are forced to come and work for wages for white masters was increasingly applied." Mr. Nicholls goes on to state that "the fact is that nowhere in Africa has the native population been treated with such kindly consideration and helpful support as in South-West Africa." This is sheer nonsense.

Certainly, more miserable conditions can be found in some other areas of Africa, but that does not make the living conditions of South-West Africa any the less miserable.

This was made abundantly clear in paragraph 383 of the South-West Africa Commission of 1936, which states: "It is on the constructive side of government that Native Administration in the Territory is not entirely satisfactory, i.e., in regard to those functions which go beyond the bare necessities of government and the maintenance of law and order. The Union has accepted the tutelage of the Natives as a sacred trust. It is, therefore, incumbent on the Union Government to make some effort to raise them from their present backward state. At present Native education in the Territory is largely in the hands of foreign missionaries over whom the Administration does not and cannot, in the existing circumstances, exercise much control. Much of the educational activity again is limited to religious instruction, and an attempt to teach the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic—a method of elevation which experience has shown to be inadequate in itself to raise a primitive race to civilisation. Medical services for Natives are primitive and inadequate. In the north very little is done for the improvement of their daily lives . . . These matters . . . are directly affected by the form of government."

Yet Mr. Nicholls asserts that nowhere else in Africa has the native population been treated with such kindly consideration. Perhaps, however, a vast improvement followed in the course of years after 1936 when the Commission passed judgment on the Union of South Africa.

Educational statistics for the year 1938-39 show that while South Africa may in theory be a democracy it is still a land where all men are equal except that white men are more equal than others. The familiar pattern of differential expenditure on education for various racial groups in the Union is repeated in the case of the Mandated Territory. In 1938-39 the average annual cost to the State per pupil in South-West Africa was £25 18s. 2d. for European scholars, £6 7s. 11d. for coloured scholars (that is, products of race mixture) and only £2 17s. 11d. for native scholars. The pattern has not changed appreciably since the war began.

In 1938 the thirty-sixth session of the League of Nations Permanent Mandates Commission drew attention to a matter which it had had to discuss before, namely, the fact that "the Administration (i.e., of South-West Africa by the Mandatory Power, South Africa) is opposed to making grants for accelerating the development of the Reserves as much in the interests of the Natives themselves(*sic!*) as of the Europeans." (Minutes, pp. 34, 35.)

Mr. Nicholls also denies any truth in the charge that South-West African natives are forced by taxation to come out and work for white masters. This is what the annual report for 1939 (submitted to the League of Nations by the Mandatory Power, South Africa) says on this matter: "In the Reserves . . .

it is necessary as a rule for one or more members of the family to procure employment outside the Reserves in order to provide money to pay grazing fees and for other purposes, unless the family has a surplus stock which it is prepared to dispose of. These workers usually return home after a spell for a period of rest." (Paragraph 826.)

In other words, South-West Africa has the same migrant labour system in operation as the Union has for its mines—a system which is to be discarded in the Free State gold fields and which even General Smuts has had to admit is destructive of native life.

Mr. Nicholls further takes exception to criticisms of the way in which native opinion in South-West Africa was consulted on the question of incorporation. The argument on the part of the South African Government and its officials is that the favourable vote of the majority of native tribesmen consulted is proof that the natives too want incorporation.

But it is only the official viewpoint that the consultation of opinion was one on which great reliance could be placed. At the time of the consultation, even one of the most ardent advocates of incorporation, the leading Windhoek newspaper, was forced to admit that "in regard to the native population there has been no real test of opinion. It is doubtful if the real test could be made."

This opinion was reprinted at the time in the Union and not contested there either. Only the chiefs were consulted, and it is well known that there are various ways of influencing tribal chiefs in Southern Africa in subtle and almost inconspicuous fashion, a fact which soon became evident last year to journalists who had occasion to visit the territory shortly after the consultation of native opinion.

It has, however, always been a source of wonder to many South Africans that, when tribal chiefs are supposedly in favour of coming under the rule of the Union Government, reliance can be placed upon their "vote" but that when the African inside the Union asks for the franchise he is told that he is either unripe for it or incapable of exercising it.

58 Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5. A. J. FRIEDGUT

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW

SIR,—Mr. Hugh Massingham's article is enough to make Irish people despair that they will ever be understood in England—I am assuming that there is no intentional malice in what he has written, and that, whenever he treads on the tail of our coat, as he does in nearly every line of the second half of his article, it is merely because of his blindness. I have heard the same theses propounded by many an intelligent, more-in-pity-than-in-anger English tourist this summer.

That 1916 Room in the National Museum—we ought not to have it! Cannot Mr. Massingham understand that, if England had been occupied by an alien invader who destroyed her culture and drove her sons to emigrate in coffin-ships, and against whom there was a centuries-old struggle which ended in victory for her oppressed, exploited and impoverished people, those people would most certainly commemorate their victory and would wish to remember the struggle and the victory with a pride to which they would be humanly entitled? There is, alas, no mythology and no mystery about it all to us. The 1916 Room may give English visitors a headache; but it is nothing to the headache England gave to Ireland during nearly 800 years.

But let that pass. Mr. Massingham is, however, quite wrong when he says that suspicion and hostility are kept alive in the press, the theatre and the schools. The mourning around our graves—yes, and why not? The very remarkable thing is not that we keep to the memory of our honourable dead, but that hostility to the English has all but disappeared. This has been commented upon by almost every writing visitor, and has even caused astonishment to some of the visitors who know something of Irish history. As for the Irish press, it must not be forgotten that the Irish are an articulate race, and if some foolish English person says something about us which we consider unfair, a reply may be expected. But I defy Mr. Massingham or anybody else to point to any common examples of hostility or unfriendliness *initiated* by the Irish, the majority of whom know very well on which side their bread is buttered and are going all-out to please the English. Can he give an example of hostility to England in our theatre? Irish playwrights and actors go in far more for making fun of the Irish than of the English. To say that there is hostility in the schools is, to put it softly, a plain error on his part. This sort of thing gets the English nowhere with us.

Mr. Massingham is living in the past when he says that the Englishman must be careful what he says if he is to avoid a broken bottle. In this, I take it for granted he is referring to remarks of a political nature. To advocate Communism to well-behaved Catholics might produce the broken bottle—but that is about all. Just now, Eire is a little tired of her bourgeois régime, and Mr. de Valera, though much respected for his early activities, is thought by many to have served his national purpose. Nobody minds what is said about him. By the time you receive this letter, you will know whether the Clann na Poblacht party of MacBride has made that point clear in by-elections of which the results, if favourable to the Clann, should show whether the people are asleep or awake. Many of us think that Ireland (North and South) is due for an awakening, though we hardly expect it to come immediately. Do not imagine that all of us like the "small time nationalism" which has, we think, served a very useful biological purpose by giving us a political rest after our struggle, but is now due for an overhaul. The "neutrality" was an essential part of that rest; and 90 per cent. of the people were with de Valera in it—and rightly, as the results have proved.

The English language must be erased, says Mr. Massingham—and he must be about the only one who thinks so! I agree with him that the methods of teaching Irish are wrong, and that it is all wrong from a practical educational point of view to teach general culture through the medium of that language. But there is nothing wrong about the principle of teaching the Irish language, which can give English points in expressiveness, the picturesque and the poetic. Besides, it is *our* language! And it is progressing, if slowly.

Mr. Massingham is quite right when he says that Mr. de Valera has no obvious rival *in his own party*. (My italics.) He is an extremely clever politician and has the shrewdest of judgment about time and occasion for elections. Hence he is already making ready for a General Election, and the economic talks now going on with the British Government are timed to enable him to produce "something out of the hat" for the bourgeoisie and farmers before Christmas. If he succeeds, it will help him to hold power, though he is certain to lose ground. If he fails, he may lose the Election. And there *are* some vigorous, younger Opposition men with progressive ideas ready to take over. When the move comes in Eiré, it will surprise people like Mr. Massingham. But it looks as if Labour in England may have shot its bolt by the time Eire gets a progressive government. And then the old "hostility" may well reappear, much to the disadvantage of both countries. That is the real danger—that hostility may be revived when it had all but died.

CORMAC O'DUBHTEAGH

The Green House, St. Stephens Green, Dublin.

COMMUNIST POLICY

SIR,—In his article "Stalin and all That" Mr. Zilliacus writes persuasively of the advantages of British trading with Russia and Eastern European countries, which, he says, raises the whole question of Labour's attitude to the Communist Parties of Europe. His own attitude to the question raises a problem to my mind, which may be shared by some of your readers.

"Those," Mr. Zilliacus writes, "who talk of the

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Our current sales and profits are being well maintained as compared with last year. But I would hesitate to forecast the future trend of events in the present uncertain economic state of the country. A substantial proportion of future profits will have to be retained in the business to meet the cost of re-equipping our factories and for our expansion programme in order to strengthen the company's financial position for the future.

The report was adopted.

powerful and mature Communist Parties in Europe to-day in terms of the strategy and tactics of Lenin in 1917 are quite ludicrously out of date." We are told that "latter-day Communist Parties are parties of government not of revolution," and further that "it will be possible to achieve the transition from capitalism to Socialism without passing through the dictatorship of the proletariat," and since in these Eastern European countries the entire structure of the State machine had been swept away with the Fascists "there was no reason at all why Socialism should not be established by peaceful and democratic methods."

What does Zilliacus intend us to make of all this? Communism is now respectable enough for Labour to have dealings with? Why this emphasis on the non-revolutionary and democratic methods to be used by present-day Communist parties in achieving power? To the best of my knowledge revolution has never been part of the *declared* policy of *orthodox* Communism. Undemocratic obstruction combined with physical force was to be expected from reactionary elements, which should be met with force; otherwise, where democratic machinery existed (as it did not in Czarist Russia, hence the need of force), it was to be used to achieve Communism. Quite apart from Marxist social analysis this is common sense. The nearer latter-day Communist parties come to power the more they become "*parties of government*," and therefore parties of responsibility.

Surely Zilliacus is trailing a red herring? We are not so much concerned with the problem of Communist party methods of achieving power, a known factor, as we are with the nature of the Communist State, an unknown factor, for it is on our assessment of this, whether we consider it to be good or evil, that we shall ultimately base our foreign policy. So long as the members of the Labour Party continue without making a decision on this subject so shall our foreign and trade policies continue to vacillate.

Many members of the Labour Party recognise the potential evil of American expansionism, but if they remember that their own party has grown democratically from its infancy in an aggressive and imperialist England to power in a country which we hope is contributing to the well-being of the world, then they must recognise that America is also a potential power of good. No doubt Russia and her satellites may also be a potential power of good in the world, but it seems that we are to be kept guessing. Zilliacus has not contributed one word to the evidence, and it is evidence on this question that is the crying need of the rest of the world.

108 Cheyne Walk, R. M. MAITLAND
London, S.W.10.

IMPRESSIONS OF HAMBURG

SIR,—In his reply to my criticism that the Army in Hamburg has exacted more house room or building materials than it needs, Major Rollo has denied what I did not say. I did not say that four new squash courts were being built for the officers' Country Club, when I was there in July. I said that the local authorities had been ordered to build these manifestly superfluous courts at once, at a time when Hamburg was starved of cement to repair its bombed dwellings. If he questions this statement I can give him the file number of the plans, for the four courts, with the names of the officers and officials who endorsed them. I infer from his letter that the demand was subsequently withdrawn, presumably because the civilian authorities opposed it as unreasonable. Again, he does not question my statement that the luxurious hotel, *Vier Jahreszeiten*, is all but empty throughout the week, though he claims that it is now fully used at week-ends. He adds the further detail that 60 of its bedrooms are unfurnished. To requisition 60 rooms and keep them unusable and unused is in Hamburg, with its 30,000 homeless inhabitants, a criminal act. Victory House raises the same issue: is it right to take for recreation a vast building of which our men make full use, on Major Rollo's showing, only for a few hours in the week, when the need for housing room for families and for hospitals is so tragic? It was the warnings of distinguished doctors that drove me to write on this subject. Our medical authorities were calling in vain for buildings which could be used as hospitals for the 3,000 "open," infectious cases of tuberculosis registered in Hamburg alone, in addition to the 20,000 less serious cases. This disease knows no frontiers.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

"T" FORCE IN GERMANY

SIR,—I should like to support the demand made by Norman Stevens in the current number of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for an inquiry into the activities of "T" Force in the British Zone of Germany.

As your correspondent so rightly states, those departments of C.C.G. and other organisations like the British Red Cross Commission Relief Sections which work for the rehabilitation of the German civilians, find that their efforts are vitiated by the activities of branches such as "T" Force apparently acting from a high level.

Norman Stevens mentions demontage in Kiel. I could plead for the Henkel Soap Factory in Dusseldorf and Demag in Duisburg. Lord Pakenham has stated that demontage has no relation with the British fear of future competition. Actions speak louder than words, however. Demag had extensive foreign connections before the war in parts of the world which would be lucrative markets for Great Britain. The construction of bridges, cranes, harbour and dock equipment and other mechanical handling plant could scarcely be the cloak for rearmament.

H. W. ROBERTSON
81 Orchard Avenue, Shirley, Surrey.

SQUARE PEGS

SIR,—"Critic's" account of his meeting with the young man on the road to Oxford hints at a problem that has been occupying my mind for some time.

There appears to be a section of the community which is not catered for in our modern commercial-machine civilisation. They are young people starting life, with intelligence and independent spirits, wishing to do a creative job with individual responsibility. The world of commercial industry, with its banks, offices and factories, offers slavery, boredom and stagnating security.

A friend of mine, who worked for some time as a model at various art schools, told me that there are many students who have not the necessary talent to become artists but have been attracted to art because it offers them the satisfying work they are seeking. In earlier days these people would have been apprenticed to a craftsman and learnt a creative and useful trade.

For the scientifically or mechanically minded there are posts connected with engineering, radio, etc., which may solve their problem. Those with an academic education find their haven in teaching, where they guide others to the same refuge. No one will deny the necessity of teachers, but this should not be almost the only method whereby the intelligentsia can earn a living. Education will achieve very little while it continues to chase its tail.

Higher wages, better working conditions, canteens, music while you work, more leisure, all dodge the issue and are merely compensations for selling one's soul and becoming a robot.

The prospect before us, in this age of centralised government and conscription of one form or another, looks depressing. I had always thought that Socialism included fitting square pegs into square holes. On the contrary, we seem to be digging one huge round hole and squeezing all the square pegs into it until their corners are blunted.

The type of people I have described form a part of the community that has supplied a good proportion of the original minds and furthered true civilisation. They would be the backbone of the ideal Socialism imagined by William Morris.

72 Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, S.E.12. EDWARD LEWIS

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

About Gissing I once heard H. G. Wells throw off this remark some years ago: "Poor Gissing," he said, "he thought there was a difference between a woman and a lady. There is no difference, as we all know." On second thoughts we know nothing of the kind. Thinking for the third time and reading again that drastic yet moving cartoon of Gissing's life which Wells drew in his *Autobiography*, we suspect that in his life and in his work, Gissing was not a deluded romantic but a man born out of his time. It was an accident—though a very likely one—that the literature of social conscience should bounce along the ebullient, flashing and practical course laid down by the optimism of Shaw and Wells; the still expanding economy of England guaranteed that those members of the lower middle class who had impatience, clear-headedness and energy could get out of it; but the story might have been different if England had not continued to get richer. The social conscience might have been pessimistic. The stress might have been placed on the spiritual casualties of the class struggle, as it was in Gissing, and not on the material hopes.

Mr. William Plomer seems to hint at this in his thoughtful introduction to a new edition of *A Life's Morning** (not, I would have said, one of Gissing's more interesting novels) when he says:

> It is hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Wells, who was a good friend to Gissing, thought him "horribly miseducated" while Gissing thought Mr. Wells (so Mr. Wells says) "absolutely illiterate." It was not that Gissing looked forward and Mr. Wells looked backward; it was that when Gissing looked forward and Mr. Wells looked backward neither liked what he saw. What worried Mr. Wells was that Gissing was "not scientific" and had had a classical education.

When Wells wrote of those members of the lower middle class who had the gift of creating good luck, who could invent a fire, and fight for their lives like Mr. Polly, Gissing wrote of the trapped, who were too weak, who too often felt (as he said with bitter penetration) the final impulse of self-pitying egoism "towards the fierce plunge into ruin." To these the struggle presented itself as an attempt to grasp with failing hands the spiritual content of life.

To this point the contemporary social reformer has belatedly arrived, after a generation of successful revolution. The crises of the unclassed, the poor women, shop girls, teachers, dressmakers and governesses of Gissing's novels are always spiritual as well as economic: "It was her terrible misfortune" (Mr. Plomer quotes from *Demos*) "to have feelings too refined for the position in which fate had placed her." We feel for Emma Vine but we also smile expectantly at this judgment on her; Emma is a stock comic character who has been made serious. Gissing who had the sensibility and tastes of a cultivated man, himself tired eventually of creatures so stolid, so maimed and so frustrated in the fulfilment of either their own or his ideal. Emma is one more Victorian "lady" who forgets she is a woman; one more victim of the comedy of gentility. All the same, we take the point because it is, for all the unconscious comedy, a real one. The heroines of George Eliot had similar aspirations; and thrived on them because they were better off. That class-ache was and is profoundly true to the inner English life.

Among the more spirited and sociable figures of the late Victorian novelists Gissing is the one who brings the accusing, self-consuming face of failure, the lordly silence of the lonely man. His failure is the source of his persistent fame; he is one of those novelists who are neither discarded nor made immortal, but whose reputation drags its heavy-footed way in a kind of perpetual purgatory. His lack of humour, his lack of fantasy—that essence of the English novel—leave him worrying unattended on the pavement of his anxieties and his scholar's dreams. Take books of his at random: *Thyrza*, *Eve's Ransom*, *Denzil Quarrier*, *Odd Women*, *The Unclassed*—they are well, but stiffly written, without individuality, but as Mr. Plomer says, in the sound conventional prose of the scholar; their psychological passages are acutely argued but the words never fly, never leave the ground. The dialogue is stilted, though the reported speech of the slums is alive. Their plots groan. Their characters (if we except Dickensian shapes like the Irish schoolmaster in Tootle's Academy in *The Unclassed*) are weighed down by self-pity or moan under an excess of good intention, and only when we break through this encasement do we find how real they are. There is—how right Wells was, in this respect—a fundamental sentimentality and more than a touch of conceit and pretence. Gissing was a novelist in error, for he lacked the gift of melting life and pouring it into the mould of artifice. Life and artifice stand side by side in his novels like some ill-assorted couple.

If these very grave criticisms are true why do we read Gissing? The answer is that at certain points in nearly all his novels, he speaks seriously about matters which no other novelist has taken so seriously. Instructed by his reading of the French and Russian novelists he is bleakly aware of the situation of his time. Snobbery, priggishness have been subjects for wit and gregarious laughter to the other English novelists. Injustice has aroused passion, but they end by coming round to the sociable view. Gissing conserves the lonely, the private personal opinion. He is a thinking person thinking for himself; and his contribution as a novelist—as Virginia Woolf suggested—is the thinking of ordinary people who so far had not been credited with thought. No more than the French or Russians is Gissing afraid of prigs and dreamers. He sets out to find them; he can be relied upon to discover them in the seamstresses of *The Unclassed*, in a villain like the manufacturer in *A Life's Morning*, a character who comes to life when the desire for refinement stings him like a gadfly. Or in that tired clerk Mr. Hood who had all his life desired to see Holborn Viaduct—a comic character, there, and how austerely refused! This discovery that in all character there sits a mind, and that the mind of the dullest is not dull because, at its very lowest, it will at least reflect the social dilemma into which it was born, is arresting.

Where the discovery is most fruitful is in Gissing's portraits of women. Women were known to have feelings. They were known to be shrewd. But who supposed them to have thoughts beyond themselves! The fact is that Gissing realised women were ladies, and now that the modern novel since D. H. Lawrence has presented them as sexual combatants and aggressors, it is refreshing to discover again their thoughts about their social condition. This is one of the best points in Mr. Plomer's valuable and sympathetic introduction: and I would go further and say that no English novelist of the realistic kind has drawn women so variously and so intimately. In this sense Gissing's feminist novel, *Odd Women*, is one of his most interesting. It is a picture of loneliness in urban life. Once one has broken the back of the first chapter or two, one's impatience with Gissing's old-fashioned methods of narrative goes. Life shows its teeth. The lonely rooms of London, the lonely pedestrians, the real population, one is inclined to say, of this seedy and disconsolate place take possession. We see the three daughters of an improvident doctor thrown on the world, untrained, almost penniless, hardly educated and terrified of losing caste. They are contrasted with a fierce and vivacious young feminist, Rhoda Nunn. Gissing analyses the fanatical Rhoda Nunn and he prepares for her the most delicate psychological drama. (One understands, after this portrait, the admiration Henry James had for Gissing's work.) He finds for Rhoda Nunn a man of the world whom she converts to her feminism and having done so, she is made to realise that vanity not love has impelled them. Her brain has deceived her; she is obliged to behave unjustly and irrationally like any "silly" woman; and wrecking her own happiness, returns to loneliness and feminism again. She has passed through the strict spiritual test to which Gissing put all his women—for that, he felt, is what the minds of so many women fear and desire—and is left matured by the test but, of course, unhappy. Gissing despised happiness. He had the conspiratorial imagination of the adolescent.

In life and in literature Gissing's method was severely to criticize women in order to be gratified all the more by the discovery of their graces. This led, of course, to being over-gratified and to self-deception in life but to balance in literature where he could be ironical and urbane. This is Mrs. Rossall of *A Life's Morning*:

> This lady had just completed her thirty-second year; her girls were in their tenth. She was comely and knew it, but a constitutional indolence had preserved her from becoming a woman of fashion, and had nurtured in her a reflective mood, which, if it led to no marked originality of thought, at all events contributed to an appearance of culture. At the time of her husband's death, she was at the point where graceful inactivity so often degenerates into slovenliness. Mrs. Rossall's home-keeping tendencies and the growing childhood of her twins tended to persuade her that her youth was gone; even the new spring fashions stirred her to but languid interest, and her music, in which she had some attainments, was all but laid aside. With widowhood began a new phase of her life. Her mourning was unaffected; it led her to pietism; she spent her days in religious observance, and her nights in the study of the gravest literature. She would have entered the Roman Church but for her brother's interposition. The end of this third year of discipline was bringing about another change, perhaps less obvious to herself than to those who marked her course with interest, as several people did. Her reading became less ascetic, she passed to George Herbert and the "Christian Year" and by way of the decoration of altars proceeded to thought for her personal adornment.

The attempt to revive Gissing is desirable, for we are less likely to be depressed by his novels and to misjudge him than his contemporaries were. By a long detour through the wilderness of literary reputation he arrives at our door. But this revival will confirm, I am afraid, his substantial failure as a novelist. The shadow of Ryecroftism (as Mr. Plomer says) is often dank upon his work; in short he lacks the quality of self-disregard which is essential to novelists. It has been complained justly that his novels have the very amateur fault of being without focus or central plot. Precisely: Ryecroft's shadow takes its place. That unshaped ego is blobbed over his tales. But Gissing is a storehouse for novelists. One of his books, the study of Dickens, is a translucent piece of criticism. For the rest, he foreshadows a type which has become commoner: the uprooted intellectual of a later generation, cut off by education from his own class and by economic and social conditions from any other place in society. From this point of view Gissing's novels are less dated than those of the early Wells; despite our wars and our large social changes, the forgotten neighbourhoods of large English cities are still packed with Gissing characters, even though the material conditions of their lives may have improved. Their essential spiritual problem, the problem of industrial society, remains untouched:

> Natural men, revolting against the softness and sweetness of civilisation; men all over the world; hardly knowing what they want and what they don't want; and here comes one who speaks for them—speaks with a vengeance . . . The brute savagery of it! The very lingo-how appropriate it is! . . . Mankind wont stand it much longer, this encroachment of the humane spirit . . . We may reasonably hope, old man, to see our boys blown into small bits by the explosive that hasn't got its name yet.

Those words, spoken by a Gissing character in *The Whirlpool* and discussing the newly published *Barrack-Room Ballads*, still stand.

V. S. Pritchett

* A Life's Morning. By George Gissing. With an intro. by William Plomer. *Home and Van Thal*. 12s. 6d.

GOYA

Goya. Drawings from the Prado. Introduction by ANDRÉ MALRAUX, translated by Edward Sackville West. *Horizon.* £2 2s.

The latest regulations make impossible the further importation of books such as this, printed in Switzerland. One can hope only that English printers will attempt to attain the standard so valuably set by Monsieur Skira: these drawings are exquisitely reproduced, and the title-page is in itself a work of art.

No artist, before or since Goya, has thus compounded satire and tragedy: beside him Daumier seems pedestrian, Callot frivolous, Breughel innocent. For a parallel one must look to Shakespeare at his wonderful nastiest. In the Spain of the Peninsular War and of Ferdinand VII Goya was hemmed in by images of human atrocity and suffering. The perjured king was no less gross in his superstition than in his debauchery; and his abominable confessor enforced his despotism with a calculated beastliness such as had become rare and apparently vestigial in civilised Europe. Not one Calas but ten thousand. The philosophers of France and England could, however, dismiss Spain as in a sense exterior to Europe, like Russia—a pre-medieval land in which, just as horses were still sacrificed to Apis, men and women were offered in holocausts to appease the wrath of Jesus. And so for another century the pleasing illusion persisted. Tolerance, it was agreed, would continue to spread by a historic necessity. Let the Spaniards get rid of their mildewed dynasty, let the Russians learn to read, and they would alike become as gentle as the Germans.

Histo ic necessity, however, is only a grand name that men give to their hopes, a myth by which they seek not only to fortify themselves but to paralyse their antagonists. After some three centuries of spreading enlightenment, darkness has impetuously descended. The imagery of Goya, which forty years ago could have been dismissed as phantasmagoric, is now again actual. Above a drawing, for instance, of a woman chained by the neck the artist has written "Pr. liberal" ("because she is a liberal"). In Spain to-day, as in the U.S.S.R., to be a liberal is no less hideous a crime than it was a hundred and thirty years ago; and—such even in this country is the decline of decency—those who, be it in *The Daily Worker* or *The Tablet*, most vehemently denounce persecution in one of these countries, deny or excuse its prevalence in the other. Our interests and prejudices have substituted an often misleading distinction between Right and Left for the true distinction between tolerance and bigotry, good and evil.

The impact of these Goya drawings is intense. It is usually not so much compassion for the oppressed as hatred for their oppressors that provokes the satirist. (And not only the satirist: the political emotions of most human beings are far more actively excited by hatred than by love.) Goya does not present the victims of the police and the Inquisition as noble or appealing, like the elegantly patient martyrs in Italian pictures. They are mostly too little individual to excite even pity. What one feels is loathing for the Party bosses who have thus humiliated their fellow creatures into the semblance of broken puppets. Here is just the assault upon the dignity and personality of man that has been familiar in every "occupied" country. Goya's monks are types we have seen reincarnated in S.S. men and political police. In one of his most horrifying drawings ("Que crueldad") we see above a victim the Cross in honour of which he is being tortured. Even so to-day the sufferings mass-produced at the instructions of a Franco and a Stalin are perpetrated in the name of two religions that, whatever their other differences, profess alike to teach the fraternity of man.

The moral effect of these drawings is overwhelming only because their æsthetic qualities are so potent. Form is, as it were, the locomotive, ideas only the carriages. (Most talk about "social realism" and "Christian art" and "l'art engagé" is based on the fallacy that in a work of art ideas are the engine, and the resulting propaganda lacks, therefore, the power to move.) Goya was never more an artist than in these washes of India ink or sepia. His sense of the medium he is using never falters: to sacrifice its exigencies to those of more precise representation would have been inconceivable to him. These appallingly expressive drawings are a triumph of style. It is indeed a significant, while sardonic, comment upon their sensuous beauty that the living artist most conspicuously indebted to them is not Goya's terrible compatriot but the excessively elegant Bérard. (Look at Nos. 21, 27, 64, 85, 125, and you will recognise a handling that through Bérard's influence now serves as a current idiom of fashion-artists in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*.)

The introduction to the drawings by André Malraux is stimulating and thoughtful, though occasionally opaque (and having read the original I know that this is not the fault of the translator). Aesthetically, the author of *La condition humaine* and *Espoir* is akin to Goya; moreover not only did he fight in the Spanish War, but also—and for the purpose of this introduction this is at least equally important—he has a trained sensibility to visual art. Let me quote some fragments from his commentary:

> For centuries Italy had aimed at putting man in tune with himself, while Spain had tried equally hard to force him out of tune . . . for him, as for the Middle Ages, the value of man consisted in his expression of what transcends him . . . .
>
> For an agnostic one possible definition of the Devil is: That which in Man aspires to destroy him. This is the devil that obsessed Goya: for him Satan was not Bosch's enthroned figure, but a dying man with his arms and legs cut off, and underneath the legend: "I have seen this." . . . .
>
> The expressive power associated with Goya's name is not that of a representational technique . . . .
>
> He it was who first made the sitter subsidiary to the picture, and not the picture to the sitter; who preceded Constable, Corot, Daumier and Delacroix in creating a type of sketch that was an end in itself; who, by breaking the link with the imagination, overturned the established ideas of harmony in the interests of dissonance . . .
>
> Goya was the first great artist to dramatise the ridiculous. Of course the Court, as well as the town in which he lived, lent themselves to this interpretation. The queen filching the gunpowder set aside for the Portuguese campaign, so as not to deplete the national income, which ought, of course, to be spent on the theatre and the opera; the late king (so the story goes) attempting to violate the corpse of his wife as it lay in state between rows of candles and praying monks. In the public squares is acted the sacred drama of the Annunciation, in which St. Michael doffs his cloak before the Virgin, disclosing a leg-of-mutton sleeve decked with ribbons and little mauve wings. The Virgin offers him a cup of chocolate, which he refuses, God the Father having promised him a fish-stew for dinner. The Holy Ghost enters, and the three persons celebrate their union in an improper fandango, while the foreign ambassadors look on flabbergasted. Like the Virgin, the devil is ubiquitous . . .

These quotations, each of which would provide matter for a discourse, are characteristic of M. Malraux's trenchant intellect. When, however, he says that Goya's pity "has the sternness of fellow-feeling on the run," I cannot but wish that he had added one curious fact: the painter drew a pension from the Spanish Court, which Ferdinand increased. Goya thus carried rather far the principle of spoiling the Philistines. He was careful never to commit himself politically. He

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loathed war and persecution rather than one hostile power or one set of persecutors. He provides therefore no argument in favour of sectarian art.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

CRIME AND ART

The Sleeping Sphinx. By JOHN DICKSON CARR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8s. 6d.
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The Murder of Jacob Cananseу. By PAUL CAPON. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.
Curiosity Killed the Cat. By JOAN COCKIN. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 8s. 6d.
Interviewing's Killing. By ALFRED TACK. *Herbert Jenkins.* 8s. 6d.
Death and the Maiden. By GLADYS MITCHELL. *Michael Joseph.* 9s. 6d.
A Case to Answer. By EDGAR LUSTGARTEN. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 9s.

As the great waves of detection break over the devoted head of the reviewer, and go swirling beyond him up the beach to tickle the toes of the long line of paddlers, he must occasionally wonder what he is doing out there in front. Why not admit that the vast public is quite undiscriminating about quality so long as it gets the stuff? Instead of babbling about vintages to a set of drunkards, why not cry "whoopee" and be done with it? Such craven meditations are soon dissipated by an unexpected visitor from France.

A copy of M. Claude Aveline's *Suite policière* has been kindly lent me by a friend. To these three volumes the author (who was a respected novelist before his essays in detection) has appended a solemn justification for treating crime novels as important works of art, worthy of serious criticism. Not all crime novels, of course. He differentiates severely between the factory-made "thriller" and the development of a criminal intrigue in the hands of a literary craftsman. M. Aveline is admirable; and he is right. By all means let us differentiate with the utmost severity—and what do we see? The low crests of the "thrillers" stretching to the far horizon—but where are the works of art? And when I turn to M. Aveline's own *Suite policière* (and turn I must alone, as the importation of "books for reading" is prohibited) I recognise all the characteristics of literary craftsmanship, competent dialogue, interesting situations, original characters; coupled with what I can only call fourth-form detection. In noble pursuit of his art M. Aveline lands himself in elementary blunders that a "thriller" novice would be ashamed of.

To turn to the present books under review, if I were to apply M. Aveline's criterion with full severity, only *A Case to Answer* would qualify as a literary work of art. But ruling out questions of literature, none of the eight other books on the list is without merit for what it sets out to be—a plain, run-of-the-mill detective story.

Mr. Dickson Carr's machinery works double shifts. Of his latest products, *My Late Wives* (under his pseudonym Carter Dickson) is the more exciting, *The Sleeping Sphinx* the more complicated. These are the two unfailing qualities to be found in all his work—and he never hesitates to maintain them, whatever the sacrifice in plausibility. Fortunately the express speed at which he rattles along is calculated to blur some of the most distressing improbabilities in the landscape. Both plots are technically without a flaw, but artistically—well, we won't recommend them to M. Aveline. Incidentally, *My Late Wives* is indebted to Brides-in-the-Bath Smith for its theme, and is all the better for having some link with reality.

Edmund Crispin's frivolous technique is almost too successful. The death in *Swan Song* of two members of a lively lot of Wagnerian opera singers at Oxford is so spiced with rollicking badinage and Professor's Fen's inimitable wise-cracks that it becomes impossible to take the murder investigation seriously. This, perhaps, is as well; for the intricate devices by which the main crime turns out to have been effected are a wild contraption, reminding us of Mr. Dickson Carr at his worst.

The Iron Egg is concerned with a mummified body found inside a rusty old buoy. The methods of Mr. Hardie's Welsh detective, Inspector Hughes, recall those of Inspector French of blessed memory; and I recommend the book to those who never tire of Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts's slow, laborious, but absolutely impeccable masterpieces.

A specimen of the conventional country house murder, with suspects limited to the house party, is available in *The Murder of Jacob Cananseу*. This country house in Cornwall is conveniently situated on the edge of a cliff, over which a lot of the evidence keeps hurtling. By a couple of well-worn tricks of the trade Mr. Capon will probably surprise you with his solution. I liked best *The Clue of the Burnt Yak Hair;* and I shall keep a look out for such yaks in future.

It is disarming to read Miss Cockin's dedication "to Mother without whose encouragement this novel would never have been perpetrated." Such a claim to amateur status need not deter us from appraising some aspects of her work favourably by professional standards. In *Curiosity Killed the Cat* the murder is of a minor official in a hush-hush Government department working in the Cotswolds. The motive is far-fetched but quite original, and is justifiably veiled in mystery until the solution. The social relations of evacuated civil servants are treated with the assurance bred by long familiarity. On the debit side, there are some terrible Cotswold villagers for comic relief; the actual murdering is sketchy; and the detective proceedings are riddled with diffidence. But Miss Cockin succeeds in her primary object—to force every reader to make a tantalisingly wild guess at the criminal on miserably insufficient evidence.

Mr. Tack adopts the imported staccato style, nostalgic for sawn-off shotguns. In *Interviewing's Killing*, where a Hollywood glamour girl gets strangled in the hero's English hotel bedroom, the introduction of characters from the U.S.A. allows the author a perfect excuse for his Americanese lingo. The plot is crude but exciting; and when the villain finally tries to strangle the hero some readers may be surprised to find who it is.

Death and the Maiden is not so surrealist as many of its predecessors, and so may disappoint some of Mrs. Mitchell's admirers. In compensation, there is a vestigial plot; two little boys are found murdered; and Mrs. Bradley is in splendid form, scouring the country round Winchester for naiads. For sheer unbridled imagination Miss Mitchell is unrivalled in the detective field. May she long remain so.

As already suggested, *A Case to Answer* deserves to be treated as a work of art. But then it is not in the category of detection at all. The subject is the trial of a young married man for the murder of a prostitute. The scene at the Old Bailey is painfully vivid; the characters are true to life, and their thoughts and actions all in character. Mr. Lustgarten carries such conviction with him that the suspense before the jury bring in their verdict is almost disagreeable. *A Case to Answer* is a triumph of literary craftsmanship. But the author presents

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us with a miscarriage of justice and not the solution of a crime. The *sine qua non* of detection is a strait-waistcoat of artificiality, which is intolerably irksome to a spirited writer, who prefers to choose his own harness and not have it imposed on him. If Mr. Lustgarten absconds from crime in his next work, who shall blame him?

RALPH PARTRIDGE

PROFESSOR FROM THE WAR RETURNING

The Economic Problem in Peace and War. By LIONEL ROBBINS. *Macmillan.* 3s. 6d.

The publication of three lectures delivered by Professor Robbins at Cambridge in the spring of this year presents us with a document of considerable interest. Here we have a *laisser faire* economist, brought up in the strictest sect of the Pharisees, who was in Government service during the war, and was, presumably, "planning," "controlling" and "interfering with private enterprise" from morning till night. Now, returning to the academic fold, he tells us what effect this experience has had upon his views.

Professor Robbins is at great pains to display an air of reason and moderation. He certainly has not undergone any drastic conversion, but he is careful to allow points on both sides of every question.

War, he admits, is a special case. A rather disproportionate part of this little volume is taken up with arguing the surely rather obvious point that the conduct of a modern war cannot be left to the free play of the market; but perhaps this was necessary in order to show that Professor Robbins' recent activities did not amount to any fundamental apostasy.

At the present time, also, some controls must be allowed to be necessary. Imports must be restricted. If the rate of interest were set high enough to keep investment within the bounds made possible by current saving, severe budgetary difficulties would be created by the added burden of the national debt, so that direct checks upon inflation must be retained for the time being.

In the long run also (here Professor Robbins has had a partial conversion, under the influence of Lord Keynes) it must be the business of governments to maintain a global control over effective demand, in order to maintain employment as stable as possible, though he would like the methods of control to be automatic, so as to keep conscious planning at a minimum.

Town planning is admitted as an exception to the rule of individual freedom to spend as one likes. But we are warned to beware of allowing this concession to lead us too far. What specious arguments can be used, under cover of analogy with this obvious case, to justify an inept and priggish paternalism! Monopoly must be curbed by legal changes, such as reform of the company and patent law, so as to make the world safe for competition; and where monopoly is technically necessary it should be controlled by the State. In spite of the qualifications with which each concession is made, it seems that the thin ends of quite a number of wedges have penetrated the once smooth surface of *laisser faire* doctrine.

But at heart Professor Robbins has preserved his faith. What he values above all is the freedom of the consumer to spend his income as he pleases. He is evidently not particularly distressed that the consumer's private individual tastes should be distorted by advertisement, for he does not mention this subject at all; but he is seriously alarmed lest too much government planning should interfere with the delicate mechanism of the pricing system which ensures consumers' control over production.

He illustrates the virtues of that system by reference to the success of points rationing:

> Points values are prices, points allotments cash. The difference was solely that the initial distribution of power to demand was different.

This, surely, raises an important question. Professor Robbins, of course, is all in favour of a fair and reasonable distribution of "power to demand"—that is, of wealth and incomes. But, apart from some passing references to taxation and social insurance, he does not give us any guidance as to how that fair distribution is to be brought about. His concern for the freedom of individuals to spend as they like whatever income they happen to have seems to crowd out of his mind the question of how much income each has to dispose of. He appears rather like an observer at a corrupt election, who spends a lot of time examining the seal on the ballot box but omits to notice how many papers each voter contrives to slip in.

Here I think we can discover the secret that has enabled Professor Robbins to keep his faith undimmed. It is his training as a theoretical economist that has seen him through. In discussing a theoretical problem it is always easy to remove a difficulty by altering the assumptions. Let us assume that we have a reformed system, with fair incomes, stable employment, no ribbon development, no monopoly, but with private property and free enterprise. There would not then, would there, be much to complain of? But how to get it? Oh, dear, that is a political question, with which the pure scientific economist has no concern.

The whole argument, in short, resembles the well-known proposition: If we had some eggs, we could have some ham and eggs, if we had some ham. This, like the propositions in the economic text-books, is absolutely true and unexceptionable, and no one could possibly deny it.

JOAN ROBINSON

MILTON

Paradise Lost and The Seventeenth Century Reader. B. RAJAN. *Chatto and Windus.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Rajan's book follows the same line of thought as Mr. C. S. Lewis's *A Preface to Paradise Lost*; it sets out to help the modern reader to bring to the poem some of the knowledge and assumptions that would have been in the minds of Milton's contemporaries. The author deprecates a tendency among twentieth century critics to hunt in *Paradise Lost* either for Milton's heresies or for Milton's personality. Although Milton is too intellectually honest to write anything in his poem incompatible with the heterodox beliefs set out in his *De Doctrina Christiana*, yet he is also, Mr. Rajan persuasively argues, too good a poet to obtrude his heresies in an epic poem. Such a poem "is the property not of a person but of an epoch" it must "operate doctrines to which the imagination of the epoch assents." Mr. Rajan explores those doctrines and indicates the poem's conformity with them. His quotations from contemporary prose writers are always apt and often very interesting; occasionally, however, he labours the obvious and gives an unnecessary wealth of proof that Milton was writing within the Christian tradition. Besides their doctrinal presuppositions, Milton's first readers would also have had definite assumptions about the nature of an heroic poem and Mr. Rajan indicates how these also are fulfilled in *Paradise Lost*. He then turns to the much discussed problems of Satan's "heroism" and of Milton's epic style. His resolution of both problems is in accord with the argument so vigorously and entertainingly set out by Mr. C. S. Lewis. No contemporary reader could have doubted Satan's villainy and his decline, in the course of the poem, from an archangel fallen to a grovelling serpent fulfilled their expectations. In his

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treatment of Milton's blank verse, Mr. Rajan emphasises the fact that it is not a modification of dramatic blank verse, but a release of heroic verse from the tyranny of rhyme. "It does not resemble dramatic blank verse greatly and, when one remembers it was written in the same medium, it is difficult to see how it would resemble it less. In short it is a different instrument used for an entirely different purpose. It is not dramatic blank verse mutilated by extrinsic epic qualities but heroic verse freed from the troublesome bondage of rhyming and thereby set free to realise its nature." In his verse as in his interpretation of religion and morality, Milton was attempting to reconcile liberty with discipline.

This is one of a number of recent studies which will be useful to students of *Paradise Lost*. The general reader probably enjoys the poem without vexing himself with any of these problems. There is, however, a danger when the masterpieces of literature are read with too complete a disregard of their context in time and Milton, in particular, has suffered from consequent misunderstanding. The time-context illuminates the character of Milton's epic and reminds us that: "There is hardly a question which the seventeenth century could ask which it does not directly or indirectly answer." No modern poet would attempt to make a similar compendium of knowledge and wisdom. Moreover, as Mr. Rajan convincingly argues, the relevance of *Paradise Lost* to seventeenth century thought does not preclude its relevance to that of the twentieth century. Although the answers are different the questions are the same: "Self-government is still a worthwhile aspiration and an epic which can centre its immense and complex machinery on this demand will always be meaningful to the generations which read it." JOAN BENNETT

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

BEETHOVEN: *Sixth Symphony* ("Pastoral") (Symphony Orch. of the Augusteo, Rome, cond. De Sabata. H.M.V. DB6473-7). A superb issue in every respect. Those who possess the Bruno Walter set are unlikely to wish to part with it, for although the recording was at fault the delicacy and precision of the woodwind playing were unapproachable. Ideally, then, it is desirable to have both sets. Failing this, readers are advised to go for De Sabata's, since the performance is magnificently beautiful and the recording leaves almost nothing to be desired.

DVOŘÁK: *Fifth Symphony* ("New World") (Philharmonia Orch. cond. Galliera. Col. DX8275-9). An outstanding issue, which completely supersedes what I have hitherto regarded as altogether the most satisfactory modern set—that conducted by Georg Szell. I have no fault whatever to find with Signor Galliera's conduct of this symphony, which is beautifully played and resonantly recorded. The slow movement in particular is a model of delicate articulation.

BRAHMS: *First Piano Concerto in D minor* (Clifford Curzon with National Symphony Orch. cond. Jorda. Decca K1491-6). It would be difficult to find a pianist better fitted than Clifford Curzon to play the solo in this concerto. Temperamentally and stylistically his assumption of this noble role commands our fullest admiration; not so the recording, which is an exceptionally poor bit of work. The balance is bad, especially in the first movement, where the piano sounds feeble and distant; there is far too little recession; and frequent over-recording results in distortion both of piano and of orchestral tone. Old as it is, the Backhaus set seems to me still the most satisfactory.

BRAHMS: *Second Piano Concerto in B flat* (Solomon with Philharmonia Orch. cond. Dobrowen. H.M.V. C3610-5). The Backhaus set of this concerto is very hard to beat, and I shall not pretend that, in my opinion, the new issue—excellent though it is in many ways—manages entirely to supersede the former. No doubt the recording is acoustically better—smells less of the studio and brings everything further forward. But is the orchestral playing in the new set as authoritative as that in the old? Not quite, perhaps. On the other hand, Solomon brings to the solo a power that is never mere brute strength (so easy to employ in this concerto) and in the slow movement a refinement of touch and phrasing which convinces us that here we have the essential expression of Brahms's genius. On the whole, then, I recommend this issue as by a narrow margin the best of those still available (including that of Schnabel, which is heavy and pedantic).

CHOPIN: *Second Piano Concerto in F minor* (Malcuzynski with Philharmonia Orch. cond. Kletzki. Col. LX1013-6). I am in two minds about this set. The playing of the solo cannot compare with Rubinstein's. Malcuzynski deprives the passage-work in the first and last movements of the ease and flow without which it *must* sound empty. Figuration cannot be given the significance of thematic material merely by dint of playing it more slowly and deliberately than is indicated by the whole nature of the music. Again, although it has become customary to cut the opening ritornello in both of Chopin's concertos, I cannot think it justifiable to omit the original statement of the second subject, for to do this detracts from its effect when heard afterwards in the solo part. On the other hand, it must be admitted that Malcuzynski makes a beautiful and most poetic thing of the Larghetto, and that the recording is in general a great improvement on earlier issues.

STRAUSS: *Horn Concerto No. 1 in E flat* (Dennis Brain with Philharmonia Orch. cond. Galliera. Col. DX1397-8). A very early work (1885), harmlessly sentimental in the style of Mendelssohn. Dennis Brain's miraculous handling of the solo justifies this revival of a piece that would otherwise not hold our attention. The orchestral part is adroitly conducted and the recording very good. We await with impatience the promised issue of Strauss's *Second Horn Concerto*, written just before the exquisite *Oboe Concerto* of 1945.

DELIUS: *Song of the High Hills* (Royal Philharmonic Orch. and Luton Choral Society cond. Beecham. H.M.V. DB6470-2). As a recording this set is the equal of the new Pastoral Symphony. The "atmospheric" chorus, which rises, wordlessly, in the climax of the work, to an unaccompanied passage of considerable power, is managed with expert skill; and the elaborate, shifting harmonies of the orchestral score are as delicate, yet clear, as in a water-colour by Paul Nash. The *Song* is not, I think, the best Delius. The impression as of a prelude to something that never transpires; the mechanically built orchestral climaxes; the thinness of the material: these qualities will scarcely make converts to Delius's music. But anyone who perseveres will discover beauties that may easily have escaped him at a first hearing. Like some wonderfully mountainous cloud, the *Song* dissolves and floats away; but the memory of its lights and contours continues to haunt the mind—a symbol whose tenacity cannot wholly be explained.

RAVEL: *Bolero* (Paris Conservatoire Orch. cond. Münch. Decca K1637-8). To be obliged to compare several rival issues of this stunt piece would surely win a NEW STATESMAN competition for the reviewer's nightmare! Luckily for me, there are no available sets of the *Bolero*, in the original scoring, more recent than Koussevitsky's; and the recording of the latter cannot compare with that of the new set, which is very wily, losing no opportunities and taking no avoidable risks. At one point in the score M. Münch permits himself a liberty that surprises me. At the fourth reprise (page 19 of the miniature score, side 2 of the recording) the tune is laid out for two piccolos, a solo horn, and a celesta in octaves; this performance, however, unmistakably substitutes a theatre organ for the horn and celesta. For aught I know, Ravel may have sanctioned this wild alteration on his deathbed; but in the middle of a symphonic score the effect is disturbingly inappropriate.

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PETER LUNN
49 Chancery Lane London WC2

BACH: *Brandenburg Concerto No.* 3 (Boyd Neel String Orch. cond. Boyd Neel. Decca K1619). A well-studied performance, carefully and transparently recorded. The violin tone is less beautiful than that of the Boston issue of the fourth Brandenburg (reviewed in this column last month), but the continuo is far more consistently audible.

BERLIOZ: *Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps, Dance of the Sylphs,* and *Hungarian March* ("The Damnation of Faust"); *Trojan March* ("Les Troyens") (Concertgebouw Orch. cond. Van Beinum. Decca K1648-9). Both the *Minuet* and the *Dance* are entrancing and original pieces of music; they are also ideal recording material, because they subject the microphone to the minimum of strain. The result is lovely, and even the lower reaches of the *Hungarian March* appear tolerably clear. Amateurs of the oddly attractive little *Marche Troyenne* would, I think, do better to stick to Beecham's recent recording.

ROSSINI: *La Gazza Ladra—Overture* (National Symphony Orch. cond. Rankl. Decca K1407). A very lively performance. The Decca violin tone is characteristically shrill, but the recording is otherwise better controlled than Toscanini's, where the whole orchestral texture is vulgarly swamped by the side-drum.

TCHAIKOVSKY: "1812" *Overture* (Philharmonia Orch. cond. Malko. H.M.V. C3617-8). I do not know any really satisfactory recording of this nasty rodomontade. Possibly the oldest (Goossens or Stokowski) are the least hard on the ear; the Boston Promenade set belongs to a bad period in that orchestra's recording history; and the latest issue deals not much more successfully with the difficulties inherent in so noisy a score. As an interpretation, however, Nicolai Malko's performance seems all it should be.

VERDI: *Aïda* (complete recording by Caniglia, Stignani, Gigli, Bechi, Tajo, Pasero; with Chorus and Orch. of Opera House, Rome, cond. Serafin. H.M.V. DB6392-411). A fine set, as well (if not better) recorded than the complete *Traviata* of last winter, and on the whole rather better sung. Signora Caniglia is not an ideal Aïda—especially when she attacks a high note with that yelp which has become the fashion among Italian sopranos; but when she merely *sings*, her voice is beautiful. Gino Bechi gives a noble performance as Amonasro. Gigli has some fine moments—and others that are sensibly less fine. The Amneris of Ebe Stignani must be described as lacking in character: this is a whale of a part for a dramatic mezzo and Signora Stignani is hardly forceful enough, although she certainly possesses the voice for it. Despite these shortcomings, the performance as a whole is definitely a success, because it is lively and vigorous and assured, and (not least) because the vocal parts are borne along by some really splendid orchestral playing.

VERDI: *Ah! fors' è lui* ("La Traviata") (Lily Pons with Orch. cond. Kostelanetz. Col. LX1017). Mme. Pons gets off to rather a lame start, but after the recitative she gives a stylistically good account of the aria, managing its floridities neatly and unaffectedly. The orchestral accompaniment is impeccable and the recording very discreet.

RACHMANINOFF: *Before my Window, Sorrow in Springtime, The Soldier's Bride* and *All Things Depart* (Jennie Tourel, acc. Kahn. Col. LX1020). Charming songs, most beautifully sung. Miss Tourel's long, soft, steady notes are a joy to follow, as they die along the distance of the listener's mind. Alas that the recording balance should be so villainous! The piano—no doubt well enough played—sounds like an upright recorded in 1907. But it is worth while putting up with this engineering fantasy for the sake of the music and the voice.

DONIZETTI: *Regnava nel Silenzio* ("Lucia di Lammermoor") (Elda Ribetti with Royal Opera House Orch. cond. Braithwaite. H.M.V. C3616). Although it is a pleasure to hear so technically clean a rendering of this aria, Elda Ribetti contrives—in spite of her Italian origin—to convey a remarkably uninspiriting, "white" effect. It is true that at the beginning of the aria Lucia is describing a ghost; but she quickly cheers up and her "estasi" ought surely to be reflected in her tone of voice.

WOLF: *In der Frühe, In dem Schatten meiner Locken, Mausfallen-Sprüchlein* (Elisabeth Schumann, acc. Gerald Moore. H.M.V. DA1862). One is particularly glad to have these songs—all admirable examples of Wolf's imaginative genius—in a perfect interpretation. How easily might *Mausfallen-Sprüchlein* have been archly facetious!

BRAHMS: *Trio in C minor*, op. 101 (Trio di Trieste. H.M.V. C3624-6). An interesting, brilliant, but perverse performance. No one could accuse the Trio di Trieste of slipshod playing: admirable or otherwise, their effects are thoroughly intended. Yet we have a right to ask what purpose is served by taking the second movement of this trio *Presto assai*, when it is marked *Presto non assai*, and by indulging in sudden and extreme changes of tempo within the movements. These displays of temperament are most inappropriate to Brahms. They do not even lighten the effect of the work as a whole, which has the lack of wit and the graceless emphasis that make one see why the French dislike Brahms so much. But anyone who happens to be fond of this trio and is prepared to put up with the eccentricities I have mentioned, will surely like this set, for the string tone is rich and the recording excellent.

BEETHOVEN: *Violin Sonata in D*, op. 12 No. 1 (Szigeti and Horszowski. Col. LX1018-9). Once again the microphone has been unfortunate in its efforts to cope with Szigeti's violin. Even if it be granted that this fine artist excels in everything save roundness of tone the disparity between what one hears even in a broadcast, and this edgy piping, is too great. It is impossible to derive any pleasure from so consistently unpleasant a sound, although the piano part in this sonata is beautifully played and well recorded.

SZYMANOWSKI: *Notturno e Tarantella* (Ida Haendel acc. Kotowska. Decca K1651). There seems little point in a re-issue of this rather uninteresting virtuoso piece, which has already been perfectly recorded by Arthur Grumiaux. In the new issue the veil of oriental mystery is torn from the Notturno, and although Miss Haendel plays the *Tarantella* with astonishing technical brilliance, the recording makes her tone sound very hard—a fault aggravated (at any rate on my disc) by a heavy surface.

MOZART: *String Quartet in G* (K387) (Griller Quartet. Decca K1652-5). A bright, muscular performance of one of Mozart's best string quartets. As I have remarked before, Decca have not yet solved the problem of combining *realism* of string tone (i.e. higher and higher frequencies) with the optimum *quality* (i.e. roundness) in reproduction. Brilliance and attack are not enough: music that is not positively agreeable in tone is a contradiction in terms. The recording of this quartet could, then, be much sweeter on the ear; but in point of balance and sonority it is on a high level.

SCHUBERT: *Piano Sonata in E flat op.* 122 (Kathleen Long. Decca K1180-2). A sunny and graceful work, much more compressed in style than Schubert's bigger sonatas, which profit less by the example of Beethoven. The first movement in particular suggests an unconscious memory of the latter composer's op. 31 No. 3 (also in E flat). Miss Long plays the sonata in admirable style, tenderly, accurately, and without attempts to make it sound more "important" than it is. The recording falls off very slightly in the Finale, but is otherwise both realistic *and* agreeable.

BRAHMS: *Intermezzi in E flat major* and *B flat minor*, op 117 (Edwin Fischer. H.M.V. DB6478). Edwin Fischer's rendering of these famous pieces is curiously tentative, as if he were trying them over in private. The result is frankly dull and the recording lacks resonance.

CHOPIN: *Nocturne in D flat major, op.* 27 (Dinu Lipatti. Col. LB63). Dinu Lipatti's playing of this most poetic nocturne is remarkable for some

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beautiful moments, rather than for any general perfection. There is something a shade disappointing about this record—a lack of love and of that magical elegance the great pianists of a former generation (Paderewski, Busoni, Hofmann) had at their command. This would not be worth saying here if Mr. Lipatti had not shown, in his recording of the B minor Sonata, that he could play Chopin with all the power and sweetness of a master.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 924

Set by Sebastian.

The usual prizes are offered for six telegrams exchanged between any English novelist and a producer who is filming one of his works. Total length 150 words. Entries by Nov. 18

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 921

Set by T. C. Worsley

A prize of six guineas is offered for an epitaph on a dead Pet in seven lines of rhymed verse. Cats or dogs are excluded and competitors should attempt to catch the spirit of the Greek Anthology rather than that of the Pets' cemetery.

Report by T. C. Worsley

As always when competitors are asked for an original poem, the difficulties of the judgment are formidable. So much charm, so much wit, such enviable ease and such fertility. The six prize-winners (one guinea each) are printed first.

ON A TORTOISE

He shared the Fellows' garden and their ways.
He passed his life in slumbering replete,
Or basking on the lawn on sunlit days—
Though sometimes at the noise of student feet
Or voice he drew within himself, offended.
Then imperceptibly death made complete
A progress which to zero always tended.

QUINTUS

ON THE MONGOOSE SIVAJI

Beneath this stone a bonny fighter's laid,
Not peace but war delights his gallant shade;
So may the Gods to his pugnacious Heaven
From Hell translate of serpents six or seven
(For that's nice odds) that in his last and best,
Because unending, fight he still may test
His ghostly little teeth with more than ghostly zest.

SHOK

In life, in death, sustained by sullen pride,
In August 'forty Fortunatus died,
The sole recorded corvine suicide. . . .
Infidel, is the writing overgrown?
Hard to decipher? Quickly, stand aside!
Cold Fortunatus watches by this stone—
He'll bite you badly in the ankle-bone.

BARTON GATES

ON A GUINEA PIG

Black Caesar sprang from Ethiopia's line;
A Royal Abyssinian, whose whorled hair
Marked him with crowns, lies yielded bleeding there
Because a mongrel dog must try to dine.
Come, bury him to penny-whistles where
The last Cape gooseberries give a tropic air
To this bare London garden in decline.

RENÉE TICKELL

Florence has lost her joy; her marmoset.
No more there bright world-penetrating eyes
Peer from the sacred cavern of her muff,
Two jewels closely set;
Unnibbled now the crystal cherry lies,
November sleet whips through the northern skies;
The tiny tropic heart has throbbed enough.

F.C.C.

A GOLD-FISH'S EPITAPH

Grimalkin, as my wonted round I plied,
With nine existences unsatisfied,
Robbed me of mine, and here my bones abide.
What paradise for little fishes waits?
O Peter, will thy brethren's hands be stayed?
May I securely pass through Heaven's lock-gates,
Or do they follow still their ancient trade?

LESLIE JOHNSON

EPITAPH ON A LIZARD

Here lies one
Whose time was his own,
Who answered no call,
Whose agile antics
Enlivened my wall,
Who had swiftly come
And has swiftly gone.

W. J. STRACHAN

My Tortoise, old Temmincki, now rests here,
Whose never-failing sang-froid was his glory;
In this tumultuous world he stood his ground,
Case-hardened, nonchalant, a die-hard tory:
Yet death he did not fear—
Repose was his life's story;
Temmincki, never quite awake, sleeps sound.

KIM

ON A LITTLE STONE IN INDIA

Hail Brothers, dwelling between Birth and Birth!
One comes to you in whom we took delight,
Both young and old, a warrior of worth,
Quick-footed foe of Cobra and of Krite.
If you but keep him with you for your mirth
No grim ophidian ghost with venomed bite
Shall, all untimely, send you back to earth.

A.W.

ON A PET GUINEA-PIG

Roast pig, no doubt; but these cold ashes burned
With sadder crackling than his brothers yield:
More than one guinea have we lost, who learned
And loved the sterling worth his name concealed.
Yet, with no end in life, how can he fail
Of immortality "beyond the pale"?
Not even Death itself shall twist his tail.

M.L.B.

ON A SILKWORM

Thy life was done
Ere half thy thread
Was spun.
Thou dead,
Others will crop the mulberry leaf;
But childish grief
Will not be comforted.

FRANCES LOBB

EPITAPH ON A LOVE-BIRD

mors est cunctis obeunda,
vita quamvis sit iucunda;
mihi semper tam coniunctae
budiiregae, vita functae
avi, solam quam dilexi,
tumulum maestus erexi——
mors est cunctis obeunda.

CHAUVE-SOURIS

Achilles could not overtake
Your heave-by-heave stiff lumbering tread,
And your mosaic dome did break
The Athenian Sweet-singer's head;
But death has caught you, stabbing through,
Your shelly buckler, bringing you
As low as they are, being dead.

"PIBWOB"

EPITAPH ON A PET MOUSE

You were to me plain Mouse (now dead and done),
Solace to finger-tips, a little creature
Commended for your bright percipient eye;
But when upon my sleeve you loved to run,
Twinkling from cuff to shoulder, what was I?
A friend? A warmth? God immanent in Nature?
Or just a mountain that you climbed for fun?

L.E.J.

Though he denied
The calumny
Of suicide,
Lakon this flea—
His favourite—killed
And knew that he
His own blood spilled.

G.W.J.

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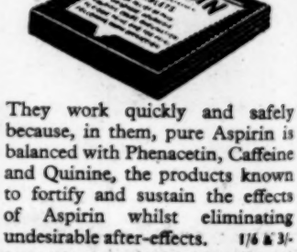

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

APPLICS. invited for post of Medical Statistician in General Register Office. Salary scale (London) is £1,150×£30—£1,300×£50—£1,500 (men and women), £30 being deducted from comm. salary for each year of age below 38 on appointment, and £30 added for each year above 38 up to age 40. Candidates must be registered medical practitioners, preferably with a univ. degree and a Diploma in Public Health, and must have had substantial exp. in at least two of the following: (i) resident hospital appointments; (ii) public health service; (iii) school medical service; (iv) pathology; (v) general practice; (vi) medical research; (vii) industrial medicine. They should have had statistical training more advanced than that of the D.P.H. course, and exp. in writing reports and commentaries. Partics. and application forms from Secy., Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1., quoting No. 2015. Completed applic. forms must be in hands of Commissioners by Nov. 15, 1947, but applics. from candidates overseas will be accepted up to Nov. 29, 1947.

APPLICS. invited for post of Statistician in General Register Office. Salary (London) is for men £900×£30—£1,080×£35—£1,220 p.a.; for women £800×£30—£1,050. Candidates must have a Univ. degree with first or second class hons. (or equiv. where hons. are not awarded) in statistics, or in mathematics, economics, or other appropriate main subject, combined with statistics; or having obtained a degree with first or second class hons. (or equiv.) in mathematics, economics, or other appropriate main subject without statistics must have been employed whole-time for at least twelve months continuously on statistical work. They should preferably have had exp. in the study and treatment of demographic (including fertility) statistics. Partics. and applic. forms from Secy., Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1., quoting No. 2013. Completed applic. forms must be in hands of Commissioners by Nov. 15, 1947, but applics. from candidates overseas will be accepted up to Nov. 29, 1947.

MINISTRY of National Insurance. Applications invited for a pensionable appointment as Chief Statistical Officer to Ministry of National Insurance on an incl. sal. scale (London), rising from £1,320 to £1,700 p.a. for men and £1,160 to £1,550 for women. Candidates should be at least 35 years of age. They must have obtained a Univ. Degree with first or second-class hons. (or the equivalent where hons. are not awarded) in Statistics, or in Maths., Economics, or other appropriate main subject combined with Statistics; or, having obtained a first or second-class hons. degree (or equivalent) in maths., economics, or other appropriate main subject without statistics, must have been employed whole-time for at least 12 months continuously on statistical work. They should also have had practical exp. in Economics or Statistical Analysis. The Chief Statistical Officer will be responsible for the organization and supervision of statistical work in the Ministry, the collection and interpretation of statistics reqd. in connection with the new National Insurance schemes, including such matters as the composition of the insured population and the incidence of claims, and for co-operation with other Government Departments and with professional and public bodies interested in such statistics. Further partics. and form of applic. from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gdns., W.1, quoting No. 2033. Completed form must be returned by Nov. 15, but applics. from candidates overseas accepted up to Nov. 29.

PRINCIPAL Instructor in Modern Middle Eastern History reqd. by Middle East Centre for Arab Studies in Lebanon, an institution sponsored by Foreign Office, offering courses to members of British services and commercial corporations. Applicants should possess 1st class hons. degree in History from a British University; exp. of teaching adults. British subjects, single pref., under 40 yrs. Sal. and allowances up to £1,000. 1 year's provisional contract. 6 weeks annual leave. Applics., quoting 2 refs., giving age, qualifics. and posts held should be sent to Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6, Tavistock Sq. W.C.1, quoting reference F.A. 645. In no circumstances should testimonials be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

Y.W.C.A. Appeal Organiser reqd. at once for West Midlands Area, covering five counties, probably based on Stafford. Sympathy with aims of the Association and exp. of Appeal work essential. Sal. from £300 according to exp. Apply in writing: Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, Great Russell St. W.C.1. Women under 41 can be accepted subject to M.o.L. permit.

MAN Club Leader for Mixed Youth Club, 250 members, to work with woman leader. Also responsible for boys under 14. Must be interested in Settlement work and training of students. Tremendous scope for right man preferably single with training and experience. Sal. £200 p.a. resident. Applics. with two testimonials and 2 refs. to Warden, Birmingham Settlement, 610 Kingstanding Rd. Birmingham, 22C.

MEDICAL publishing. Applications invited for a managerial appointment to the medical department of a London publishing house. Editorial experience desirable. Initial salary £750 p.a. Please address full details of qualifications Box 41.

Appointments Vacant—continued

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applics. invited for post of Lecturer-in-charge of Dept. of Economics and Commerce. Preference given to candidates with qualifics. in Economic Statistics. Further partics. may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applics. should be forwarded by Nov. 18.

UNIV. College of Swansea. Council of the College invites applics. for post of Assistant Lecturer in Dept. of Education. Commencing sal. £450 p.a. Appointment will date from Jan. 1, '48. Applicants shd. be able to undertake lectures in methods of teaching at least one—pref. two—of following subjects: Chemistry, Geography, Biology. Further partics. from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applics. must be received by Nov. 18.

L.C.C., Major Establishment. Post-war reconstruction exam. for admin. vacancies in the major establishment will commence on Jan. 5, 1948, in London. If necessary, a fifth exam. may be held in 1948 to complete the reconstruction scheme. Two-thirds of vacancies reserved for ex-Service candidates. Simplified exam. in English, Essay, Arithmetic, Gen. Knowl. and Intelligence Test to qualify for interview by Selection Board. Candidates must have been 18½ and under 26 on Aug. 1, 1946, and have had full-time education to age 17 or possess Higher School Certificate or equivalent. Permanent careers with good prospects. Sal. £240-£20-£300-£25-550. Starting point according to age. Applic. form (A.V.1) and details from Clerk of the Council (D), County Hall, S.E.1. To be returned by Dec. 1, 1947, with s.a.e. and entrance fee of 15s. (3264.)

COUNTY Borough of Blackpool Educ. Ctee. School Health Service. Applics. invited for post of full-time female Educational Psychologist. Candidates should hold a Univ. degree or diploma in Psychology and should have had training and exp. in a recognised Child Guidance Clinic or have had exp. of working with maladjusted children. Exp. in the ascertainment of educational retardation is essential and teaching in schools under an Education Authority would be an adv. Appointment is prefy. a full time one but applics. for a part-time appointment would be considered. Appointment will be subject to the Local Govt. Superann. Acts or Teachers Superann. Acts for a full-time appointment. Successful candidate will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. Remuneration for full-time appointment will be on scale comm. £495 p.a., rising by 3 increments of £20 and one of £5 to £560, incl. of cost of living bonus. Comm. salary will be fixed according to qualifics. and exp. Remuneration for a part-time appointment would be arranged on a sessional basis. Applic. forms from Chief Education Officer, 3 Caunce St., Blackpool, to whom they should be returned by Nov. 15, 1947.

L.C.C. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. by L.C.C. at St. Ebba's Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), Epsom, Surrey, to co-operate with medical staff in investigating history of mental cases and in supervising social welfare of patients at the hospital and at out-patients' clinic at St. John's Hospital, Battersea. Candidates must hold the Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics or equivalent qualific. and pref. will be given to an exptd. worker who can assist in the practical training of students taking the Mental Health course. Sal. scale £370, rising to £530 p.a., plus a special allowance of £45 p.a. (subject to review). (Commencing sal. according to exp.). For applic. form, returnable within next ten days, send s.a. foolscap e. to Medical Officer of Health (MHS/B), Public Health Dept. (Mental Health Services), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (3240.)

MINISTRY of Education. Applics. invited from grad. and 2nd yr. undergrads. for posts as "Assistants" in French Lycees, Colleges and Ecoles Normales. Posts will be tenable for whole school year 1948/9. "Assistants" will be expected to take small groups for English conversation for 12 hours a week. (Normally two hours a day.) They will receive a maintenance allowance to cover reasonable living and personal expenses. The upper age limit is 35 yrs. Applics. invited also for very small numbers of similar posts in both the German and French speaking cantons of Switzerland. Applics. should be made as soon as possible and none can be considered after Dec. 31, 1947. Parties. and applic. forms from Sec., Information and External Relations Branch, Ministry of Education, 23 Belgrave Sq. S.W.1.

SURREY C.C. Ottershaw School, nr. Chertsey. The Surrey Education Committee invite applics. from men of suitable qualifics. for post of Headmaster of this new Boarding School for Boys of 13 and over, which they propose to open in September, 1948. The Headmaster will be reqd. to take up his duties not later than April 1, 1948. The School will open with 60 boys, of whom 30 will probably take a School Certificate course, and it is intended to have a total of 200 in 1952. Comm. salary £1,000 p.a., subject to review as school develops. Free board for Headmaster (and wife, if married) and free quarters for family. Applic. forms obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to whom they should be returned by Nov. 22.

COMMUNITY Centres, Staffordshire. The services of Wardens are reqd. for three Community Centres in Staffordshire. Salary £350, rising by annual increments of £25 to £450 p.a., plus Local Authority scale bonus. Previous exp. in social work or Community Centre administration essential. Applic. forms may be obtained from Regional Officer, National Council of Social Service, 79 Calthorpe Rd., Birmingham, 15, and should be returned completed as soon as possible.

Appointments Vacant—continued

LEIGHTON Park School, Reading. Applics. invited for post of Head Master of this independent Quaker boarding school which becomes vacant in the Spring Term 1948. Candidates should be in close sympathy with outlook of Socy. of Friends; should be under 45 yrs. of age and possess good academic qualifics. Sal. £900 rising to £1,150 with house & board. Further partics. from Clerk to Governors.

THE Labour Party. Applics. invited for post of District Woman Organiser for Wales, to direct the organisation of women within the Party, and to supervise the work of Women's Sections and Advisory Councils. Welsh language desirable. Applic. Forms and information about conditions of appointment from Chief Woman Officer, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Sq. London, S.W.1, by Nov. 15.

EAST Suffolk County Education Ctee. A club leader, man or woman, for three established village clubs, each opening on one or two nights a week, is reqd. as soon as possible. Applicants should have exp. of mixed club work and should be trained youth leaders, or qualified teachers. There is scope for interesting work in informal further education. A car is necessary, for which a travelling allowance on the County Council Scale will be provided. Salary scale: Men £330×£15 to £405 plus £20 p.a. for a graduate; women £300×£10 to £350 plus £15 p.a. for a graduate. Applics. should be submitted to Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Ipswich, by Nov. 22.

CLUB Leader required for Youth Club. Must be qualified and exptd., age over 25. Resident post. Apply Warden, U.G.S. Settlement, Staffordshire St., Peckham, S.E.15.

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EXPERIENCED Resident Cook wanted for Harold Wood, Romford (45 boys and staff). Interest in children an advantage. Mowbray rate of pay plus 6s. p.w. if in possession of recog. certificate of cookery. Applic. form to be obtained from Matron, Harold Wood Hall, Harold Park, Romford.

PROFESSIONAL Association requires Junior Clerk, whole or part-time. Apply Secretary, Museums Assocn., Chaucer House, Malet Place, W.C.1.

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Personal

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